MAY 17, 1941

THE AMERICAN WAY OF LIFE

Liberty

5¢

WHAT AN OLD MAN'S LOVE MEANS TO A YOUNG WIFE, by Mrs. Maurice Maeterlinck

LAST CALL TO THE REPUBLICAN PARTY, by ROBERT MOSES

TANK TACTICS, by WINSTON CHURCHILL

Henry Ford's idea has come a long way!

Many motorists of today can remember when the Ford business was started.

America was growing. New horizons called for something new in transportation. Motor cars would do it, but the car was a rich man's toy.

It was then that Henry Ford and his new idea went to work.

Design a good and dependable car and sell it to people at a low price. That was the idea. Build it in volume to keep down the cost, and take a small profit on each car instead of a big one. That was how to work it.

Out of that idea directly have come 29 million Ford cars up to now.

Out of it, besides, has come America's mass production of many things at low prices.

Out of it has come the whole motor car industry as we know it today.

And out of it today comes a big Ford car that gives its owner better, more comfortable transportation than any price could buy a few short years ago. A car finer at many points in its design and in its quality than anything else you can buy at a comparable price.

Yes, Henry Ford's idea has come a long way. And no one knows it better than the man who owns and drives the Ford car we build today!

Some Ford Advantages for 1941:

NEW ROOMINESS. Bodies of the big 1941 Ford are longer and wider this year. Front seating width, for instance, is increased as much as seven inches.

SOFT, QUIET RIDE. A new Ford ride, with new frame and stabilizer, softer springs and improved shock absorbers.

GREAT POWER WITH ECONOMY. This year, more than ever, Ford owners are enthusiastic about the economy and fine all-round performance of Ford cars.

BIG WINDOWS. Windshield and windows increased all around to give nearly four square feet of added vision area in each '41 Ford Sedan.

LARGEST HYDRAULIC BRAKES in the Ford price field. 12-inch drums. For added safety, longer brake-lining wear.

GET THE FACTS AND YOU'LL GET A FORD!

Ford

Do you see a Girl in School?
No, I see the most Popular Girl at a June Prom.

Is she a Girl of Great Beauty?
Indeed yes. She has Looks and Charm to Spare.

And Crowning her Beauty, a Sparkling Smile due perhaps to her Lifelong Habit of Ipana and Massage.

Guard, always, your lovely smile... help make your gums healthier, your teeth brighter with Ipana and Massage.

Q. *Why is the habit of Ipana and massage more important now than ever before?*

A. Because today's soft foods deny gums the exercise they often need for health. And Ipana, with massage, is specially designed to provide this needed stimulation.

Q. *Are firm, healthy gums, then, so important to sound, sparkling teeth?*

A. Indeed they are! That is why so many dentists are urging daily gum massage. For neglected, gums tend to become weak and soft . . . and often warn of their condition with a tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush.

Q. *"Pink Tooth Brush"... is that serious?*

A. Only your dentist can make that decision. Often he may merely tell you your gums are lazy, need work. And, like thousands of dentists, he may well suggest "the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

Q. *Why is Ipana so important?*

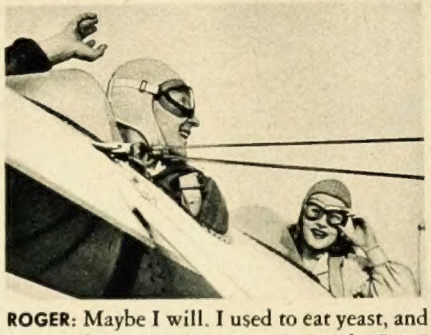
A. Because Ipana Tooth Paste does more than clean teeth thoroughly and brilliantly. With massage, Ipana is specially designed to aid the gums to better health. That is one reason why, every time you brush your teeth, you should massage a little extra Ipana Tooth Paste onto your gums. You'll find Ipana and massage extremely effective in helping to make your gums firmer, your teeth brighter, your smile more attractive... in helping you to ward off the threat of "pink tooth brush."

Ipana Tooth Paste

You'll like yeast this new way

ROGER: You're flying high these days, even on the ground! Been eating yeast again?
PAT: No . . . drinking Fleischmann's Yeast in tomato juice . . . a delicious vitamin cocktail!

ROGER: You're right about that vitamin business. Authoritative reports say: "YEAST IS ONE OF THE RICHEST NATURAL SOURCES OF THE AMAZING VITAMIN B COMPLEX."
PAT: And here's more of the same . . . Yeast and raw liver are about the only really abundant, *natural* sources of the Vitamin B Complex . . . a group of the very vitamins that lots of us don't get enough of. Try my vitamin cocktail if you're one of them.



ROGER: Maybe I will. I used to eat yeast, and I never felt so swell in my whole life. But I didn't like the taste.
PAT: Taste? Say, in tomato juice, it tastes like oven-fresh bread! I drink it twice a day, and I stick with it, too. That's the way to get the full benefits of yeast. Why don't you buy a week's supply? It keeps perfectly in the refrigerator. Go ahead, and get a flying start on that flying-high feeling! Get these vitamins this *natural* way.

MASH . . . Take a cold cake of Fleischmann's Fresh Yeast and mash it in a dry glass with a fork.

STIR . . . Add a little cold tomato juice, milk or water. Stir till blended. Then fill glass. Stir again and . . .

DRINK your yeast this delicious, easy way. It's quick, too . . . whole business takes less than a minute!

FLEISCHMANN'S *FRESH* YEAST

Ladies: If you bake at home use this same FLEISCHMANN'S FRESH YEAST . . . the household favorite of four generations.

UNMOVED BY TEARS OF HERBERT HOOVER

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Can it be possible that the representative thought of the U. S. A. is in the confusion it seems to be?

Have heard Herbert Hoover on the radio pleading—with tears in his voice—for starving Europeans. Can it be that this is the same Hoover who, less than ten short years ago, was the prime cause of America's starving millions?

"Nero fiddled while Rome burned," and all across this land, and at the nation's Capitol, our legislators and representatives continue to play vicious politics while we face the greatest catastrophe to the human race in a thousand years and more. Would to God that you could wake them up!—*Jay C. Mix.*

"UNOBSTRUCTED UNIVERSE" WELCOMED BY READERS

OAKLAND, CALIF.—I am more than delighted that Liberty is publishing The Unobstructed Universe, by Stewart Edward White.

I am so glad it will be possible to be available to the thousands of readers of Liberty.

Having long been interested in metaphysical subjects, I don't find many books as well written as Stewart Edward White's recent writings.—*Rose Cross.*

KNOXVILLE, TENN.—Stewart Edward White's articles should be illuminating, and of great interest to some millions of credulously incredulous Americans. Personally, I congratulate you on securing these articles; but why make such a great mystery of psychic phenomena like telepathy, clairvoyance, and other allied so-called mysteries? To those who understand, these are no more mysteries than trigonometry is to an expert mathematician, or the

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Greek Testament to a trained linguist! —*Phil Dare.*

[Other letters on The Unobstructed Universe (begun in April 19 Liberty) were received from C. A. Dixon, Richmond; C. D. Marshall, New York; William Kullgren, Atascadero, Calif.; Allen J. O'Reilly, Los Angeles; Ira C. Prichard, Kansas City; Mrs. H. E. Thiel, Baltimore; and many more.—VOX POP EDITOR.]

THINKS WE COULD LEARN FROM MOVIE

FRANKFORT, KY.—Pardon us for taking this shot at you, but you deserve it. Liberty should have given four stars to the picture Blonde Inspiration because it exposes several of the habits of the editorial office alone. We think you should have given it 4½ stars out of pure sportsmanship.

For a pure farce on the writing game (and somebody among your better writers has said, "Everybody has at least one story, and because of that he wants to be an author") we recommend that your reviewer try a look at the pix again, with the Liberty staff in mind. —*The Voice of 20,000 Editorial Offices.*

My, what a strong voice you have! But we saw it and we can't wear that size shoe.—ED.

," Who called you to get rid of what old pest?"

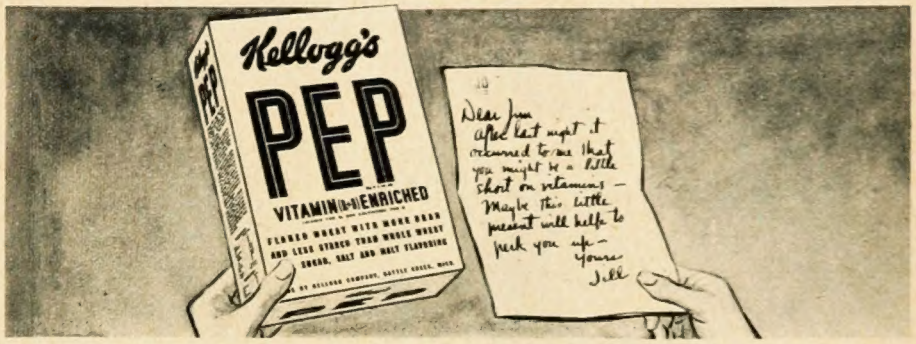
"UNISTANS" FOR AMERICANS

ST. LOUIS, MO.—A press correspondent who is now investigating conditions in Guatemala has a baffling problem. If he mentions to the natives this country or its people he must either say "United States" or "a citizen of the United States," and that, he says,

How's your "Pep Appeal"? —by Williamson

Jill: But I don't *want* to talk about the war; let's go and dance!

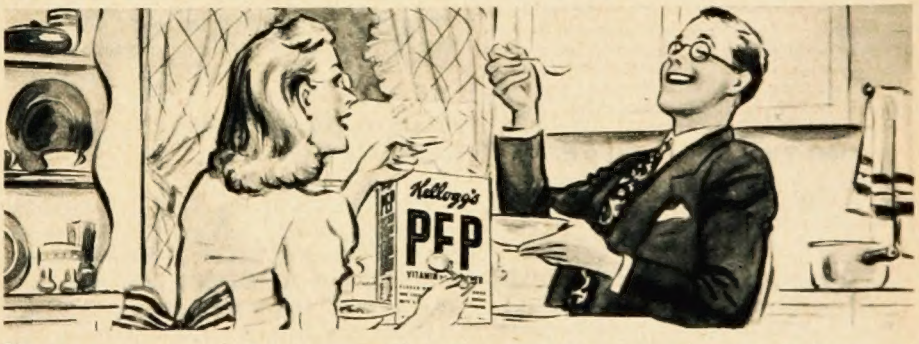
Jim: Oh! I don't feel much like it. I've got the mopes tonight. Think I'll shove off.



Jim: (next morning) Of all the crust! Imagine that Jill sending me a note like this. Just wait till I talk to her! KELLOGG'S PEP, my eye!

Jim: I'll show her how to tease me . . . !

Sis: Hey! Wait a minute, hot-head. The way you've been moping around lately I think a few vitamins wouldn't do you any harm at all. It says here that PEP has been enriched with vitamins B_1 and D. Why don't we *try* a little before you make that call?



Sis: Yessir, KELLOGG'S PEP is extra-rich in these two important vitamins. And none of us can feel our best unless our diet includes a proper share of all the vitamins . . .

Jim: Hey! I don't know much about vitamins. But, boy! Do I know something delicious when I taste it! Why this is the best cereal I ever ate! Maybe Jill isn't so dumb after all.

Vitamins for pep! Kellogg's Pep for vitamins!

Pep contains per serving: 4/5 to 1/5 the minimum daily need of vitamin B_1, according to age; 1/2 the daily need of vitamin D. For sources of other vitamins, see the Pep package.

MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN BATTLE CREEK

COPYRIGHT, 1941, BY KELLOGG COMPANY

Which Kind of Ink do you want?

BY G. H. SAYLER
CHIEF CHEMIST, THE PARKER PEN CO.

HERE in the Parker laboratories we spent 3 solid years and $68,000 to develop an Ink that ends about two-thirds of the pen troubles—an Ink that saves wasting thousands of dollars to service pens disabled by inks that clog the feeds, gum the points, corrode the works—an Ink that **saves you pen users from going empty-handed while this avoidable service work is being done to your pens**—and most of all, an Ink that guards our famous Parker Pens—fifty million of them—from pen-clogging inks!

Makes Your Pen A Self-Cleaner

This revolutionary ink—called Parker ***Quink*** **—cleanses your pen as you write,** a Parker or ANY OTHER pen. A secret agent—a harmless ingredient—actually dissolves and dislodges deposits left in your pen by pen-clogging inks. And ***Quink*** itself is clear of sediment—99 99/100% *fluid!* It makes your pen work like new.

We named this ink "***Quink***" because it dries ON PAPER **31% quicker** than average—dries by stepped-up penetration, *NOT* by evaporation. Hence does NOT dry in your pen. Yet ***Quink*** is in rich, brilliant colors—full-bodied—never watery, never gummy.

2 Kinds—Take Your Choice FREE

Get full 2 oz. bottle for only 15 cents from any store selling ink, or mail me a Postal Card for Introductory size FREE. Please say which kind you want. Here's the difference:

(1) **PERMANENT *Quink*** in blue-black, royal blue, and black is as permanent as the PAPER—equals or EXCELS U. S. Gov't specifications in Eight Major ways; protects checks, records, documents, etc., from water, sun, age, etc.

(2) **WASHABLE *Quink*** is the safe ink for home and school because it washes without trace from hands, clothes, rugs, etc.

This offer of an Introductory Bottle FREE to millions will cost Parker a king's ransom. But we think it will more than pay for itself in saving of pen repairs alone. And you'll never stop thanking us for introducing you to ***Quink***. No obligation—no follow-up. Offer good only in U. S. A. Act before too late.

Address G. H. Sayler, Chief Chemist
The Parker Pen Co., Dept. L 6, Janesville, Wis.

is "such a mouthful." He must avoid using the terms "America" and "American," as applied to us, because the word "American," as we use it, is not popular in these latitudes, for they are America too.

Many in Canada also resent it, and several years ago the Vancouver Sun ran an editorial sharply rebuking us for this practice.—*Orville Spaulding.*

TAKES HER CUE FROM LYSISTRATA

SAN ANTONIO, TEX.—I hereby pledge that, should my husband participate in any labor strike which would affect any branch of our defense program, I will strike against him. I will immediately become his housekeeper—and wife in name only.—*An American Housewife.*

MEDFORD KNOWS HIS JAPANESE FISHERMEN

NEWPORT BEACH, CALIF.—Jim Medford said a mouthful in his article on Japanese "Fishermen" in southern California in Liberty (March 15). From his thorough knowledge of the subject Medford must have lived long among these crafty aliens, because he reflects the views of many of us who have first-hand information of these people.

They are also given credit for depleting these waters of sardines and through their purse-seining activities have caused serious inroads in the yearly catches of ocean fish in this part of the Pacific.—*S. A. Meyer.*

WHY DON'T YOU WRITE ONE? IT'S EASY

RUSHVILLE, NEB.—So Bob Z. Estellorn (March 29 Vox Pop) would like a funny Short Short now and then? My sentiments exactly.

Don't you ever receive any humorous Shorts? Or are they all too lousy to print? Maybe you should have two such pages—one for grim reality and one for laughter.—*Mary Skelton.*

DODD'S DIARY SAVES LIVES OF TWO

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—I am a weekly buyer of Liberty, always finding in it some interesting feature. February 12 I was sick, and had a friend with me also sick. Neither of us knew the reason for the illness. But it turned out to be a hole in a pipe in the cellar flooding the house with coal gas sufficiently to cause me to fall down unconscious.

We were not aware of this gas which steals on one, and had it not been for my interest in Mr. Dodd's Diary we would very likely have died, both of us. My interest in this article caused me, although sick, to go out for the magazine, and on my return from the fresh air noticed the gas odor and immediately flooded the premises with fresh air.

We have both been seriously affected, but are alive. Probably the first time Liberty acted as a lifesaver. Thought you might be amused.—*M. L. Keating.*

GERMAN LANGUAGE IN MEXICO'S "BETTER BARS"

MEXICO CITY, MEX.—I am a Nicaraguan girl married to an American living in Mexico City.

Howard Sharpe writes the truth in The Private Life of Paulette Goddard (January 25 Liberty) when he says that German is being spoken in better bars. German is spoken even in our American hospital, which is supposed to be American only. All nurses there are German and almost all doctors also. —*Maria Hortencia Bolanos.*

WHAT SHE THINKS WHEN SHE SWEEPS

Old Adam's query on what women think about while doing housework moves Rose L. Brown of San Antonio to the following:

I THINK WHILE I SWEEP

With my broom I sweep the world
Of hate and lies and pain.
(That's what I like to think
As I clean my house again.)

Odd wisps of poems run through my head
As I hang out the wash
And make up the bed.
"What is pomp, rule, reign, but death and dust?
And, live how we can, yet die we must."

As the dinner cooks upon the range
And the afternoon hurries to the night,
I stop and look across the hills
And think of London's plight.
"Dear God," I breathe, "give us courage."

I laugh a greeting because I do not care to weep.

"I'm no fool! I made sure I'd end up at a door when I finished varnishing the floor."

THINKS THEY SHOULD BE CALLED "SAMMIES"

NORTH WARREN, PA.—I get a kick out of Vox Pop and Old Sarge. I do not like the names which have been given to the fine boys chosen for a year's training.

Such names as yearlings, draftees, conscriptees, inductees, trainees, and all other inane plays on the ending ees, seem silly and undignified. The nickname Sammies would go well with the British Tommies.—*H. A. Beckett.*

Sammies sounds good to us.—ED.

INSPIRATION AND HOPE IN EASTER COVER

SOUTH BEND, IND.—My heart is thrilled and my soul filled when I look at the lovely picture of Christ on the cover page of April 12 Liberty. Christ is our only hope for peace. Good will cannot be legislated; it must come from within. You have millions of readers and can do much and God will bless you.—*Mrs. John Murphy.*

HIGH HEELS FOR MENTAL UPLIFT

NOVELTY, OHIO—If the astonishing assertion of Golden Lily (March 29 Vox Pop) that the wearing of high heels "provides mental uplift" to their wearers is to be accepted as a psychological fact, it is evident, judging by the erudition displayed in her letter, that it would not be amiss for her to increase the height of her heels further.

From the aesthetic point of view, it is amazing how few of the "stronger" sex realize how awkward they look strutting on high heels.—*Mere Man.*

EDITORIAL HELPS IN SEARCH FOR IDEALS

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—I wish to say what a very fine and inspiring Easter editorial appeared in April 12 Liberty. It is encouraging to have magazines take a higher course in what they present to the public in the way that I feel this editorial will stir and give hope to many people to search for those ideals of the spirit which can never be destroyed or taken from them, and which will become the most direct way to the brotherhood of man.—*Wade Jolly.*

SEES CHURCHILL USING PSYCHOLOGY

WASHINGTON, D. C.—A child wants and asks in one breath for everything it sees. While the wants of Mr. Churchill are as great as that of a child, he, however, being a full-grown man, is wiser than a child and knows that it is bad psychology to ask for more than one thing at a time. I bet a dollar to a doughnut that his last want will be an army, and another dollar to a doughnut that he gets it!—*Harry Daniels.*

FIREMEN IN 30 CITIES TEST CHEWING GUM!

341 out of 580 prefer the flavor of

Beech-Nut Gum

We had always *thought* more people preferred the fine, tempting flavor of Beech-Nut Gum. So we had an independent fact-finding organization make a taste test to find out exactly.

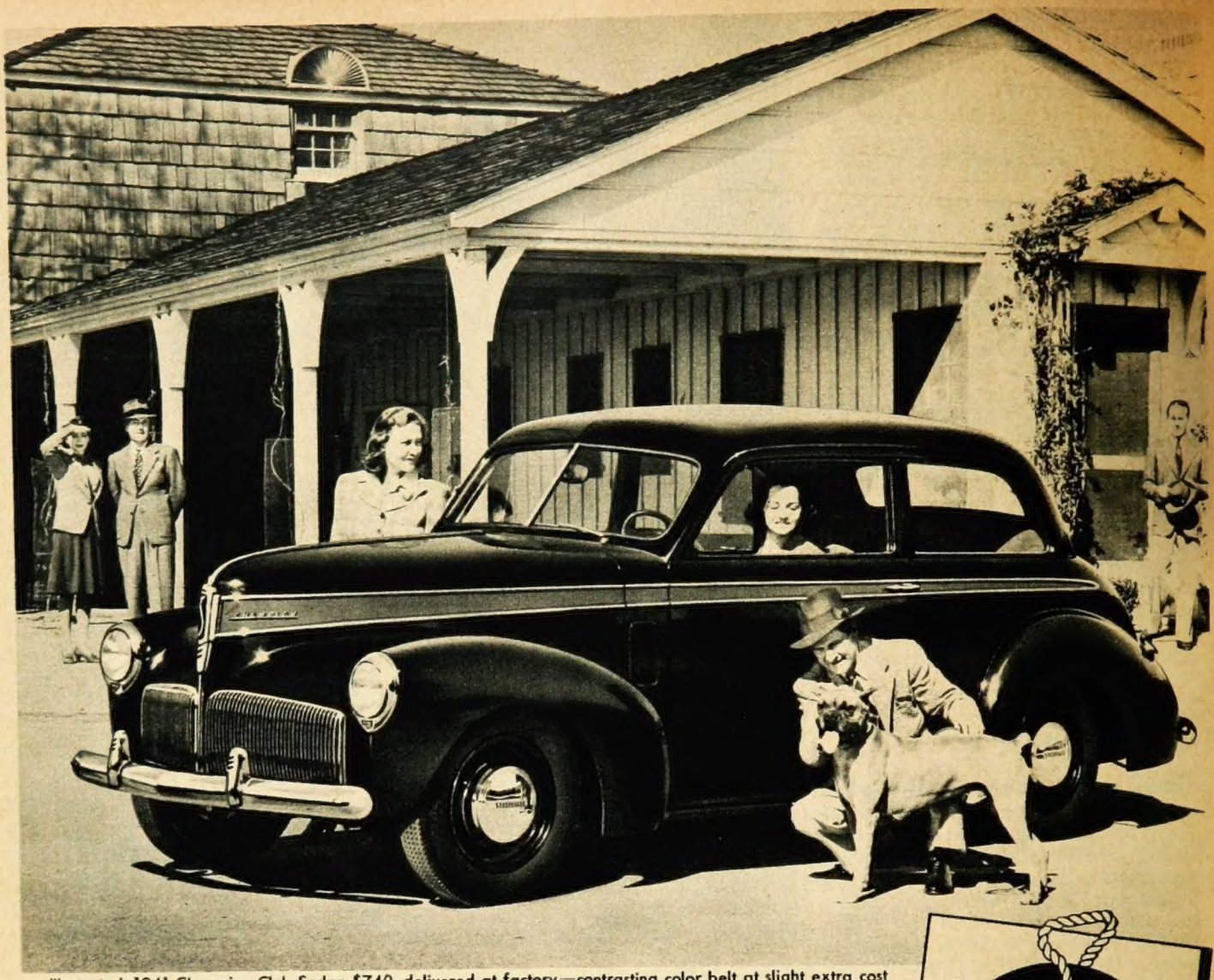
They tested 580 Firemen in 30 cities. Beech-Nut and various other brands of peppermint gum were bought in local stores and identifying wrappers were removed.

Each Fireman was given two brands (Beech-Nut and one other, both unidentified) and was asked to report which stick he preferred. 341 of the 580 said that they preferred the flavor of Beech-Nut Gum to that of the other brands.

So from now on, get the yellow package of Beech-Nut Gum. Enjoy its delicious, long-lasting flavor.

The yellow package with the red oval . . .

. . . with the preferred flavor



Illustrated: 1941 Champion Club Sedan $740, delivered at factory—contrasting color belt at slight extra cost

You can easily afford this big Studebaker

It's America's thriftiest car in the lowest price field!

PRICES BEGIN AT $695 for a Champion Business Coupe

CHAMPION	$695 and up
COMMANDER	$965 and up
PRESIDENT	$1115 and up

These are delivered prices at factory, South Bend, Ind., as of April 12, 1941—subject to change without notice—Federal tax included.

MORE miles per gallon, say delighted owners! A million-dollar ride on every kind of road! Lowest repair cost of any lowest price car! More money when you trade in!

You can easily get all these advantages—plus Studebaker prestige and performance—in your next car.

Take the first step now and go for a thrilling 10-mile trial drive in this big, roomy, stunningly styled Studebaker Champion.

This highest quality car in the lowest price field is long and low in appearance. It's beautifully finished in your choice of twelve gleaming colors—and you have your preference of bedford cord or canda cloth upholstery, too, at no extra cost.

See and drive it now!

You never drove a car that rode so comfortably as a Studebaker Champion, that held true to its course so sure-footedly, that handled so easily. But the proof of that is in a drive.

Drop in at your local Studebaker dealer's and take out a Champion. See how the quality of its performance spoils you for any other lowest price car.

Easy to own this Studebaker!

It takes very little to be the proud owner of this smart, thrifty Studebaker. Use your present car as part payment—on easy C.I.T. terms.

O. J. ELDER PUBLISHER • FULTON OURSLER EDITOR IN CHIEF • WALTER LLOYD ART EDITOR

Liberty

MAY 17, 1941 VOL. 18, NO. 20

WHAT IS HAPPENING TO US?

FOR six weeks Mrs. Roman T. Chranowski, who lives in New York's Borough of the Bronx, was afraid to look out of her front window.

Presumably Mrs. Chranowski is an American citizen. She has the right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. But for six weeks her life was made miserable—and why? Because her husband exercised *his* right to freedom by resigning from a union—the Transport Workers Union, often accused of Communistic domination; the union that tied up the New York bus system and now threatens to paralyze the subways.

Because this man resigned from the union, his home was picketed and his wife subjected to taunts and insults. Although the bus strike had long been settled, elements of the union announced their intention to picket indefinitely the homes of disobedient workers; they must all be forced into line for the terrifying strikes they are threatening for June. But now the New York courts have forbidden such picketing.

What kind of life was this for Mrs. Chranowski, her husband, or her four children? Or for any other American citizen? What kind of liberty? What chance to pursue happiness? Day after day and week after week this woman was afraid to look out of her own front window. And no wonder! No real American can look around him today and enjoy what he sees. One puts down the newspaper with a shudder. Photographs showing pickets beating nonstrikers over the head with lead pipes! Strikers hurling rocks through costly factory windows! Policemen on horseback charging into strikers. Faces distorted with hate—snarling, brutalized. Americans fighting Americans. National-defense machinery smashed. Employers stubborn, blind. Gates barred before factories that should be humming on three-shift jobs for the safety of the country. Fault not on one side alone; all parties at fault and hatred growing.

What is happening to us here in the United States?

Remember, we are the most efficient and competent people on earth. One has only to take a look at a recent report of the National Bureau of Economic Research on The Output of Manufacturing Industries, 1899-1937, to realize the greatness of American industrial genius. Here is the record of a miracle in orderly achievement. Wars, depressions, and booms crowded those years—yet read this astounding statement:

"The total product of manufacturing and nonmanufacturing industries combined more than doubled between 1899 and 1937, rising some 30 per cent more rapidly than population during the thirty-eight years."

What does this mean? It means that the individual American citizen has more things. A farm girl can use a lipstick as well as the woman who lives on Park Avenue. A vacuum cleaner can help the worker's wife as well as the housemaid in a Fifth Avenue apartment. A cash register protects the country storekeeper as well as the city merchant. More, it means leisure, fewer working hours for everybody and especially for the housewife in the home. Her labor has been lightened, working hours shortened, and into her life has been brought the comfort of books, magazines, phonograph and radio.

All these blessings have come because of this miracle of our industrial genius. They have come because Americans have worked together. Today we need to work together more than ever before. Yet in the crisis we find discord rising—those faces full of hate; blood on the sidewalks in front of factories. And Mrs. Chranowski afraid to look out of her window! We must all look out of the window today and find out what is happening to us.

Our real greatness as a people blossoms from the freedoms which are deep-rooted in our history and our souls. This is a part of the fundamental ethics of a free people. It is the basic creed of live and let live, the essence of justice. Democracy dies when the individual, the single person, can no longer think out his own problems unmolested by his neighbors. With our genius for progress, we need only to preserve our freedom, and we can go on to a new era of greatness—a new era of cooperation and understanding, of increased mechanical efficiency, new strength, new vision for America—an island of freedom, invincible in a troubled sea.

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Beginning

The House on Harmon

Love, spies, danger!—Liberty presents the mos thrilling novel that has come out of today's wa

BY KATHARINE ROBERTS

They walked toward a low fine desk. "Fräulein Doktor." Schmidt bowed

READING TIME • 30 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

PART ONE—A HAZARDOUS MASQUERADE

IF she's anything like the one they used to call Fräulein Doktor, you're for it. Still, it'll be interesting."

"Don't know much about the old girl." Peter Stanleigh struggled into a gray worsted jacket and shook himself. "Uncomfortable, wearing another fellow's clothes," he added.

"Be more uncomfortable wearing his job before you're done with it." Colonel Sir John Helton, known in the Service as Old Helly-John, considered his nephew's appearance in a suit that by no means suggested London tailoring. The two men were alone in the colonel's office and customary official formalities had been dropped for the simpler family usages. "You look like the deuce in that outfit."

"Feel stuffed. Wish his tailor had built bigger armholes. I don't remember clothes like this in Canada."

Helly-John surveyed him critically. "You can get bad tailoring anywhere. It's only your shoulders. Sleeves and trousers are long enough. You don't look any worse than Sturm."

"Kind of you," muttered Stanleigh. He began sorting out things to go in his pockets. "If Sturm's letter didn't corroborate what this fellow, D'Hasque, sends, I'd say our little Belgian pal was off his head."

"He's sane enough. Hope he can manage to stick with us while you're there. He's had to move the wireless again."

"He certainly seems to be lasting."

"Trouble is none of 'em last long." Helly-John looked bleak, then brightened again. "But for a plain Belgian citizen with no recent training in the game, he's good. The man's sent through more information and more recruits than any two others. See D'Hasque soon as you arrive. He'll get your word on to me, and anything I want to say to you."

"I understand. I'd like to know more about the female wonder. Why'd they give her the old one's name?"

"Same as Hitler's passion for keeping anniversaries—signing French armistice terms at Compiègne—that sort of thing."

"Silly sort of sobriquet—Fräulein Doktor. Really, now, was Fräulein the First such a great one, or has time built up a legend?"

"She caused us more trouble than any man on the job. And then, when they'd established her in Antwerp, just after the occupation, she turned out some of the best spies of the war—had a kind of school."

"Sounds like a jolly old girl!"

The older man's voice was bitter. "That she-devil had a brain like an X ray and a gift for strategy that—" he paused for the right words and gave up. "If we didn't have records to prove it, you couldn't believe in her after twenty-odd years. But there she was! If D'Hasque's right, the new Fräulein Doktor is doing the same thing in the same place—Antwerp—only she's better than the old one."

"Oh, come now," murmured the younger man. "Isn't that a bit thick? The whole thing sounds a little incredible."

"Certainly it's incredible. Entire world's incredible these days." Old Helly-John hunched forward in his chair and his blue eyes peered up at Stanleigh through their bushy eyebrows like twin searchlights boring through shrubbery. "I suppose you know what you're up against?"

"No—and neither do you." His nephew grinned at him.

"The hell I don't! . . . You've got to admit Antwerp looks like headquarters for the coastal region."

"Maybe."

Old Helly-John looked morose. "The home office is probably in Fräulein's drawing room."

"D'Hasque says so," admitted Captain Peter Stanleigh. "Thing to do's find out."

Helton's glance became sharper. "Don't underestimate her. D'Hasque insists the fall of France is more to her credit than Hitler's."

"What's the new Fräulein Doktor supposed to look like?"

"That's for you to find out. With a brain like hers, she probably wears steel-rimmed spectacles and barks."

"I don't like women who bark," said Peter.

"Well, if you've luck, you'll see a lot of her. But if the old girl trained her, she must be all of forty by now. The 'beautiful spy' stuff is old hat. Sorry." The colonel stabbed out a cigarette. "We'd better talk with Sturm a little more. You push off as soon as this raid lets up."

Stanleigh walked over to the desk and listened a moment on the wire that ran down from a microphone eighty feet up, on street level. "Still banging away up there," he reported.

In these underground rooms you would never have known that bombs were bursting overhead. They were, undoubtedly, the most carefully built shelters in England, for they contained documents that could not be replaced and yet were needed for everyday use. Moreover, they contained human beings, members of the British Intelligence, who would be harder to replace, since their minds held much that the maps and documents only indicated.

Old Helly-John's rooms were in the safest depths because his brain had not declined with years. As a secret agent in the 1914-18 war, he'd always been wherever hell was popping. Now, with the world aflame, he was in his element. But, alas, he was too old for physical enterprise. He'd yanked his nephew out of the King's Guards and started training him his own way back in 1936, when he knew things were getting ready for another row. Peter Stanleigh had had plenty of tricky missions in these last few years, and he'd lived up to

(*Continued on page 54*)

READING TIME ● 12 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

This article was written and first published before the present war. Liberty presents it now because it is so electrically timely as a disclosure of the wide-awakeness, the originality, and the resourcefulness in a wartime crisis of the author—today Britain's Prime Minister; and, incidentally, of his personal part in the creation of a weapon that is one of the major factors in the mechanized warfare of today.

TANK Tactics

by

WINSTON CHURCHILL

THE crux of the last war problem, as it was plainly apparent from the end of 1914 onward, was this: Something had to be done to render ships immune from the torpedo and to make it unnecessary for soldiers to bare their breasts to the machine-gun hail.

The remedy, when stated, appeared to be so simple that it was for months, or even years, scouted and disregarded by many of the leading men in both the great fighting forces.

Reduced to its rudiments, it consisted in interposing a thin plate of steel between the side of the ship and the approaching torpedo, or between the body of a man and the approaching bullet.

Here, then, was one of the great secrets of the war and of the world in 1915. But hardly any one would believe it.

Those who perceived it—soldiers, sailors, airmen, civilians—were a class apart, outside the currents of orthodox opinion, and for them was reserved the long and thankless struggle to convert authority and to procure action.

Eventually they succeeded.

On sea, authority intervened at an early stage; on land, the process was more painful.

A few days after the war had begun I received a letter from Admiral Bacon stating that he had designed a fifteen-inch howitzer that could be transported by road. Interested in this astonishing assertion, I sent for him.

He spoke with conviction about the general artillery aspects of the war, predicting, in particular, that existing fortresses would not be able to withstand the shells of great modern cannon.

I listened with interest, and when, during the next fortnight, the forts first of Liége and then of Namur were swiftly destroyed by the German siege guns, I sent for Admiral Bacon again, asked whether he could make some howitzers for the British army, and how long it would take.

He replied he could make a fifteen-inch howitzer in five months, and thereafter deliver one every fortnight. I thereupon proposed to the War Office to order ten.

I was kept closely informed about their design and progress, and learned that each one would be moved in the field in sections by eight enormous caterpillar tractors.

The pictures of these vehicles were extremely suggestive, and I at once asked whether they would be able to cross trenches and carry guns and fighting men, or whether he could make any that would.

As a result of the discussion that followed I directed him to make an experimental machine. The model showing promise, I ordered thirty to be constructed.

It was not until May, 1915, that the first of these engines was tested by the War Office.

It was then rejected because it could not descend a four-foot bank and go through three feet of water (a feat not achieved by any tank up to the end of the war).

Thus ended the first effort to make a trench-crossing vehicle, or so-called tank, during the last war.

The sequence of events in the second attempt to make a tank and secure its adoption by the military authorities was as follows:

Quite independently of what has been narrated above, about the middle of October, Colonel E. D. Swinton also realized the need of such a weapon. He accordingly broached the project to Colonel Hankey.

At the end of October Colonel Hankey wrote a paper on the need of this and other mechanical devices which he circulated to the various members of the Cabinet directly concerned in the conduct of the war.

Reading this paper brought me back to the subject on which Admiral Bacon had already been given instructions, and on January 5, 1915, I wrote a letter to the Prime Minister, Mr. Asquith, as he then was, from which I quote the significant paragraphs:

"It would be quite easy in a short time to fit up a number of steam tractors with small armored shelters in which men and machine-guns could be placed, which would be bullet-proof.

"Forty or fifty of these engines prepared secretly and brought into position at nightfall could advance quite certainly into the enemy's trenches, smashing away all the obstructions, and sweeping the trenches with their machine-gun fire and with grenades thrown out of the top."

Two or three days after receiving my letter of January 5, the Prime Minister laid it personally before Lord Kitchener, and urged him strongly to prosecute research.

Lord Kitchener, who was entirely favorable, thereupon remitted the project to the Department of the Master General of the Ordnance.

This process was mortal to the second attempt to make a tank, and the project was decently interred in the archives of the War Office.

I did not know what had happened as a result of my letter to the Prime Minister, or what the War Office was doing; but I formed the impression that no real progress was being made, and that the military authorities were quite unconvinced either of the practicability of making such engines or of their value when made.

Accordingly, on January 19, 1915, I sent a minute to the Director of the Air Division instructing him to make certain experiments with steam rollers with a view to smashing in the trenches of the enemy by the mere weight of the engine.

This particular variant broke down through its mechanical defects, but there is no doubt that it played its part in forming opinions among the armored-car officers and setting imagination to work for other and more helpful solutions.

So here are three quite separate efforts to procure the manufacture and adoption of the kind of vehicles afterward called tanks, all of which had been brought to failure either by mechanical defects or by official obstruction.

This deadlock might well have con-

tinued for an indefinite period of time. However, the Duke of Westminster, who commanded a squadron of armored cars, invited me to dine on February 17 to meet several officers from the armored-car squadrons.

As a result of our conversation I went home determined that I would

Painted for Liberty by Leon Gordon

England's Prime Minister tells the momentous first-hand story of how a new warfare was born

give imperative orders without delay to secure the carrying forward in one form or another of the project in which I had so long believed.

Accordingly I directed Major Hetherington to submit his plans, and I forwarded these plans two days later to the First Sea Lord (Lord Fisher).

In addition to this, the next day, February 20, I sent for Mr. Tennyson-d'Eyncourt, the chief constructor of the Navy, and convened a conference. As the result of it the Landships Committee of the Admiralty was formed by my orders under the presidency of Mr. Tennyson-d'Eyncourt, reporting direct to me.

From the formation of this committee on February 20, 1915, till the appearance of tanks in action in September, 1916, during the Battle of the Somme, there is an unbroken chain of causation.

On March 20 Mr. Tennyson-d'Eyncourt reported to me that his committee had evolved two possible types.

On March 26 I took the responsibility for ordering eighteen of these vehicles, which at that time were called landships, six of which were to be of the wheel type and twelve of the caterpillar type.

I thus took personal responsibility for the expenditure of the public money involved—about £70,000.

I did not invite the Board of Admiralty to share this responsibility with me. I did not inform the War Office, for I knew they would raise objections to my interference in this sphere.

It was a serious decision to spend this large sum of money on a project so speculative, about the merits of which no high expert military or naval authority had been convinced.

The matter, moreover, was entirely outside the scope of my own department or of any normal powers which I possessed.

Had the tanks proved wholly abortive or never been accepted, and had I been subsequently summoned before a Parliamentary Committee, I could have offered no effective defense to the charge that I had wasted public money on a matter which was not in any way my business.

The extremely grave situation of the war and my conviction of the need of breaking down the deadlock which blocked the production of these engines are my defense; but that defense is only valid in view of their enormous subsequent success.

There never was a moment when it was possible to say that a tank had been "invented." There never was a person about whom it could be said, "This man invented the tank."

But there was a moment when the actual manufacture of the first tanks was definitely ordered, and there was a moment when an effective machine was designed as the direct outcome of this authorization. I consider that the responsibility for the mechanical execution of the project was borne by Mr. Tennyson-d'Eyncourt. Without his high authority and immense expert knowledge the project could not have been carried to success.

But I sanctioned the expenditure of public money in reliance upon Mr. Tennyson-d'Eyncourt's gifts and knowledge, and his assurances that the mechanical difficulties could be solved. Others, such as Colonel Swinton and Captain T. G. Tulloch, had seized the idea, and had even laid specific proposals before the War Office in January, 1915. They were unfortunate in not being able to command the resources necessary for action or to convince those who had the power to act.

After I left the Admiralty at the end of May, 1915, another moment of extreme peril threatened the enterprise. The New Board of Admiralty proposed to terminate the contracts and scrap the whole project.

However, Mr. Tennyson-d'Eyncourt remained faithful to the charge I had laid upon him. After consideration, Mr. Balfour decided that the construction of one experimental machine should be proceeded with.

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They didn't hear the front-door lock when it clicked. But in a moment all was different.

READING TIME ● 29 MINUTES 3 SECONDS

It's a Tough Life

The hilarious tale of a choleric colonel, a boy and a girl, and a hectic romance

BY FRANK R. ADAMS

Illustrator Frank Bensing

EVERETT BUTTS had lived in the city of San Video for only two or three weeks, but already he was an extremely irritated citizen.

It is only fair to state that Mr. Butts was very easily annoyed. From the time, some forty-three years earlier, that he bit his nurse because he had a rash under his diaper, right down to the autumn of 1940, he had discovered many things which made him fit to be tied.

His indignation on the day and date of this chronicle had for its cornerstone the fact that he had that afternoon been turned down in an effort to join the 241st Coast Artillery Regiment, California National Guard, which had just been ordered into active training service. He knew he had no right to expect that, at his age, he would be accepted, but he had hoped that in view of previous military service and perfect physical condition they would figure he was the equal or superior of many younger men. The recruiting officer had been very blunt in his rejection. Mr. Butts had obtained really very little relief by telling him his candid opinion of the commissioned personnel of the 241st Regiment.

So he was still steaming as he drove home from the interview. There were many other people using the streets at that particular time, as it was shortly after five o'clock.

Just at the moment there was a horn immediately in back of Everett Butts which made him forget all other grievances in a red blot of rage at its insistent blaring blast.

The street was not very wide and Mr. Butts was driving his sleek, ponderous motor monster in the exact middle of the right half.

He did not pull over nearer the curb, and, further than that, he decided to slow down a bit. Teach the unmannerly horn puncher a lesson.

His decrease of pace seemed only to inspire the other driver to greater and noisier efforts. Mr. Butts suddenly jammed on his brakes. They were very good brakes and his automobile stopped.

The car behind did not. The resulting impact jolted loose the Butts rear bumper. It dropped to the pavement with a resounding clang. Jarred to furious exasperation, Mr. Butts shifted gears into reverse, stepped on the gas, and bumped back with all the power of a hundred horses. Having now no protective bumper, the resulting collision smashed his trunk and twisted his rear fenders into whimsical shapes. There was a lot of noise, too.

Both drivers got out of their cars, slammed the doors violently, and met face to face.

"What's the idea of stopping without an arm signal?" the other driver demanded indignantly.

"What the complicated whoop is the idea of blurting that dodgasted horn at me?" rebutted Mr. Butts to the full extent of his voice, which on a clear day could be heard for five city blocks.

"I sounded my horn because I wanted to pass," observed the young man reasonably.

"Oh, you wanted to pass, did you?" sneered Mr. Butts at the top of his lungs, which is hard to do. "From the looks of my fenders and trunk, I'd say you tried to drive that rusty tin tank of yours right through the middle of my car. I'm going to take a poke at you so you won't feel quite so cocky!"

As the result of the block in traffic, a line of automobiles had stacked up behind them and the drivers had come forward to see what was going on.

"Now wait a minute," said the younger driver. "I'm not going to fight with an old man wearing glasses."

"Old man! Pitchforks and chains of hell!" Mr. Butts was stung in a vulnerable spot. He took off his glasses and bounced them with tinkling savageness against the pavement. "Where'd you get the cockeyed idea I'm not young enough to take on two of you?" He yanked off his coat and threw it at one of the spectators. He also removed his straw hat, disclosing a pompadour of six or eight hairs which had been hiding beneath it. "Come on, you white-bellied, lily-livered young lizard!"

The young man made a move as if to swing on his tormentor, but chivalrously thought better of it and dropped his arms at his sides. That was foolish, because Mr. Butts interpreted the beginning of the gesture as an acceptance of his taunting challenge to combat, and delivered two swift punches, one to the jaw and the other to the right eye of the pleasant homely face which confronted him.

Just where the argument might have gone on from there will never be known. A traffic patrol officer arrived and grabbed Mr. Butts by the back of his shirt, which ripped apart like a balloon jib in a sudden squall. He thus diverted attention to himself, and Mr. Butts got in one telling punch before he noticed the uniform.

The traffic officer seemed to know the younger driver. "What goes on here, Jack?" he asked, grinning. "How'd ye get the black eye?"

Jack had no opportunity to reply for the moment, because Mr. Butts expressed his opinion first—an opinion garnished with picturesque invective invented on the spot.

"A young whippersnapper like this swivel-jointed squirt, officer, has no more manners or respect for law and authority than a braying jackass, which he closely resembles. He'll learn different when the draft picks him up and they stick him in the army. I only wish—"

The officer interrupted him impatiently: "All right, colonel. I want to hear the other side of this story."

"How," demanded Butts with sur-

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READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

What an Old Man's Love Means to a Young Wife

The woman's side . . A stirring confession of what can befall when December weds with May

BY RENEÉ MAETERLINCK

I WAS a child when I read The Blue Bird for the first time and fell under its spell, the fascination that the story has for young and old alike. Tyltil and Mytil, the little boy and girl in the story who seek for that mysterious thing called happiness in a long, strange quest and who do not find it until at last they return to their own little home, where it has been all the time, grew into living children in front of me as I turned the pages of the book; they were very real, perhaps even more real than my own playmates whom I saw every day. They were alive, and yet somehow they were more than alive, just as the story of their adventures was somehow more than real, as a dream sometimes is more real than something that actually happens to you in your everyday life. This was the quality that the author of The Blue Bird gave to it out of his genius.

But as I read the book, I am sure that I never thought for a moment of the man who had written it. I don't think I realized that any one had written it! It was too spellbinding for that. You will know what I mean if, when you were a child, your mother or father told you a wonderful fairy story that held you breathless. Did it ever occur to you then that some one had written those magic words down on paper? Of course not. It is only years later that we realize that for every story there is an author, and that the enchanting tales of our childhood were written with humdrum pen and ink—or an even more humdrum typewriter.

And so, when I met Maurice Maeterlinck, I did not look at him and think that here was the man who had written The Blue Bird. For I was still a child, and in my mind there was no connection between this man and the story that I loved. I stood motionless in front of him and stared at him in frank fascination simply because of the kind of man he was—simply because of what I saw as I looked at him.

I can remember that first meeting as vividly as if it had happened yesterday, here in America, although it was twenty years ago and many thousands of miles away. I met him purely by chance, on a visit to a friend's home; it seems that that is how the things that are to mean most in your life always happen. Any one who knows how children will stand and stare at something that captures their attention will know how I looked then; unabashed and unashamed I stared at this newcomer, quite unconscious that I was forgetting all my manners.

It was not only that to me he seemed extraordinarily handsome; it was much more than that. He was sitting on the arm of a chair, almost like a badly brought-up little boy. He was smoking a pipe, and through the hazy drift of smoke the expression on his face, I could see, was one of laughter, and yet somehow quizzical or questioning, too. His head might have been covered in a helmet of shining silver, his hair was of such a pure, dazzling white. To children—indeed to any one—white hair is associated with age; but he did not seem old to me. No, he seemed astonishingly young—in a sense, as young as I was myself. Perhaps this was because of his round cheeks, as red as cider apples, and his mouth with the little mocking amused lines that curled up at each corner—but most of all he seemed young and was young because of his eyes.

He stared back at me as frankly and steadily as I stared at him. And I couldn't look away from his eyes. For those eyes seemed to be as boundless as the horizons a sailor sees; they seemed to contain all the sky and the sea. They were blue eyes, blue as the Bird that had come from them, and yet their color, as I looked, seemed to change constantly, becoming now dark, now jade, and now a pale moonlight blue. They were wonderful eyes!—reflecting all that is best of maturity and yet retaining, too, something of childhood, its laughter and purity, its faith and its dreams! To look into his eyes was

The young wife, who became the bride of Maeterlinck some twenty years ago. Of how much her love means to him, he spoke from the heart in Liberty last week.

to know that in the depths of this man's soul there was nothing false.

Then, while I still stared, he pointed at me with his finger and said, "Some day this little girl is going to give some one a life of infinite happiness."

Those were the first words I heard Maurice Maeterlinck say. Without knowing that he did so, that day he wrote his name on the book of destiny beside the name of a child born forty years after him.

Somehow, as I grew older and approached the age of marriage, I accepted it as a fact that my destiny was interwoven with his. I never thought of him as the great author who was famous and honored wherever books were read and of whom one should stand in awe. I thought of him only as he appeared to me the first time we met—some one whose eyes showed me things which I might have seen in my dreams—some one who would always be young. This was some one who could be all things in one—friend and teacher, companion and lover.

In the face of that, did it matter that I had been born some forty years later than he? That, too, I never thought of; the reflection never crossed my mind. There was no reason for it to.

For there are some men, I think, who are born old; one sees young men in their twenties, or even in their teens, weighed down as if by all the cares in the world. They have forgotten how to laugh, if indeed they ever knew, and it is impossible to think that they ever were children. And then there are others—very few perhaps—who retain all their lives the wonder and magic of childhood. These can never grow old. And if you share their life, you share their secret of youth and happiness.

There is nothing to tell beyond that; there is no other secret of my happy marriage. But the years of that marriage have made me believe this: that every woman is granted only one real love. I found mine without search, without disillusion—I found it when I was still a child.

In my life as an actress I have played in all of Maurice Maeterlinck's plays. But whenever I was supposed to say the line "I love you," I thought not of the actor standing near me but of the man who wrote the words I spoke.

For twenty years every minute that has gone by has added to the joy of our life together; for twenty years he has given me the infinite happiness of a great love.

What is my most precious memory of those years? Perhaps this: Once, when I was severely ill and death came very close, he leaned over me and said very softly, "I thought once that if you died I would have killed myself too. But now I know that I would not. If you had died, I would not have killed myself. I would have become a monk."

THE END

READING TIME • 8 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

I WAS mighty proud when Boxing Commissioner Bill Brown visited me in my dressing room after my downfall and said, "You've been a credit to the game, Henry, but it's time you hung up your gloves."

"You're right, Mr. Brown," I answered. "That's just what I intend doing."

I was downhearted all the time I was dressing—wondering how Mr. Mead would take it. For the first time in our association he'd been unable to be present at a bout of mine. I know he'd have enjoyed the ovation that was given me after the battle was stopped. Never in victory was I tendered such a spontaneous testimonial by the fans. And a record crowd of them was present.

about my taking on that bout, and it was to have been my last even if I had won. I could have retired with the welterweight championship.

Later the awarding of the Eddie Neil Memorial Plaque by the New York Boxing Writers to me as the one who had done most for the sport in 1940 was most touching. Another thing that made me choke up was being presented with a diamond-studded charm inscribed, "To a Champion of Champions," by Promoter Mike Jacobs.

I've hung up my gloves for good

I really fought just once too often, but I had to be convinced that I was through, and it was Fritzie Zivic who completely convinced me.

After I had taken the world's welterweight crown from Barney Ross on a fifteen-round decision in the Long Island Bowl on May 31, 1938, he retired from the ring. He went out of the fistic picture like a champion, and I vowed then and there that when my time came I'd try to go out the same way. When Fritzie

Champ Henry winning his with Ernie Roderick, w weight challenger, in Lo

Only boxer in ring history to have held three world titles at one time

BY HENRY ARMSTRONG

A great fighter looks at his past . . and bids the ring a heartening good-by

I thanked my lucky stars that I had become a boxer when I went to Mr. Mead's doctor's office after the fight. I found Mr. Mead crying unashamedly—he, a white man, crying over the defeat of a colored lad. If there were more of that sort of brotherly love in the world today there'd be little or none of the bloodshed now going on in it.

People as a rule think of fight managers as a hard-boiled, selfish lot. There are perhaps many others like Mr. Mead. For his sake, rather than my own, I wish I had been able to win back that welterweight title from Zivic. Mr. Mead wasn't keen

and all. Boxing doesn't owe me a thing—but I owe everything to boxing. I went from the bread line to three world's championships—three world's titles held at the same time, something no other boxer had ever done; I met many distinguished people; I've enjoyed the luxuries of life that once I never dared to dream of; I've been to Europe, Cuba, and in every nook and corner of the United States. Best of all, I can boast of two remarkable friendships formed through boxing—that with my original manager and trainer, Harry Armstrong, and that with Mr. Mead, who made all this possible.

Zivic whipped me last October in New York City, he half convinced me that I too had come to the end of the fistic road. More or less against our better judgment, we sought a return battle with Zivic, getting it last January and losing on a technical knockout in the twelfth.

I should have been smart like Ross was and hung up my gloves after the loss of the third and last title that I held. But after my doctor had pronounced my eyes O. K. upon the removal of the scar tissue, things looked different. I had visions of turning the tables on my Nemesis in our second battle. But it was all a

bad dream. It is my honest opinion that Father Time was my real undoing. That aggressive, slam-bang style of mine had burned up all my energy. It was my legs that failed me. They refused to carry me any further. They had previously come mighty close to copping a fourth world's title, the middleweight, for me. When I met Ceferino Garcia at Los Angeles on March 1, 1940, Referee George Blake called it a draw, though every one else who saw the mill seemed to think I had won.

In my first fight with Zivic I fought the last four rounds by sound and touch because the blood flowed into my eyes so fast that I couldn't see. He gave me a sound drubbing in our second and my last fight. It was so one-sided that Referee Arthur Donovan wanted me to quit at the end of the tenth round. How could I have quit with Mr. Mead so sick that he couldn't attend? I fought even harder than I would have if he had been present.

It was heartening to me when Referee Donovan consented to my going out for another round, the eleventh. But the exertion in my wild endeavor to justify the confidence that every one had in me sapped the last bit of vitality I had left. My legs seemed paralyzed. I knew I was done for, but I had to lose as gamely as Ross had lost to me.

It seemed to take me a year to reach the center of the ring for the twelfth, and it seemed a lifetime before the referee called a halt.

My toughest fight was my first Harry Armstrong taught me everything he knew. Because mixed bouts were not allowed in Missouri we hopped a freight for Pittsburgh. It wasn't long before we were absolutely penniless, so I engaged in two pro bouts. In one of them I was knocked out in three rounds by Al Iovino, a southpaw, at Meyers' Bowl on July 27, 1931. I fought under the name of Melody Jackson.

That was the only occasion, outside of the one time by Zivic, that I was ever stopped, and was the only time I was ever rocked to sleep. We then headed for Los Angeles, where I started boxing as an amateur under the name of my trainer, Armstrong. Then Gus Greenlee heard a lot about a good prospect named Armstrong in Los Angeles. When he saw me he threw up his hands in disgust, remembering me as the Melody Jackson he had seen put away by an unknown in Pittsburgh.

Harry Armstrong thought I'd better secure a white manager. We tied up with Tom Cox, and I participated in about 125 bootleg amateur bouts all over the state, never getting more than three dollars a bout.

Wirt Ross saw me box one night at the Olympic Auditorium, Los Angeles. He asked Cox to let me work out in the gym with one of his stars, Chalky Wright. I had such an easy time with Chalky that Ross bought the contract on me for $250.

In 1932 the California Commission recognized Baby Arizmendi, the Mexican, who had already outpointed me twice, as the featherweight champion. Mr. Mead, who happened to be in Los Angeles, saw me box him. Al Jolson, the actor, was backing me heavily. Mr. Mead advised him against it. I so decisively outpointed Arizmendi that Mr. Mead, at Jolson's suggestion, asked Ross to put a price on my contract. He stipulated $5,000, and Jolson told Mr. Mead that he'd loan him the money.

Before the deal could be consummated Jolson received a hurry call to New York. While he was away Mr. Mead had flooded the country with stories about Jolson purchasing the new sensation, Armstrong, for him—and then Ross jacked the price up to $10,000. Jolson balked, so Mr. Mead persuaded George Raft to put up the other five grand. Both actors were paid back years ago.

From then on I made so much money that I don't think my wife, Willa Mae, and my daughter, Lanetta, will have to want—ever. I have an annuity, an interest in a wine business, and some good real estate.

I think I should have been given the featherweight title in the Olympic boxing tryouts at Los Angeles in 1932. We heard they needed another man in the bantamweight class in the same tryouts, which started later and were held in San Francisco. I had to take off about ten pounds to be eligible. This title, too, was taken from me; it was given to a boy named Jess LaBarba.

I was terribly discouraged and probably would have given up all thought of making good at boxing had it not been for my meeting the girl I married, who is the daughter of a clergyman. It was he who showed me how to find consolation in the reading of the Bible. When I was first married I had to shine shoes, as I didn't earn enough money at boxing to support my wife.

I was born on December 12, 1912, and since my debut in 1932 as Henry Armstrong I have fought more than 100 times. I scored seventy-three knockouts. I won twenty-nine decisions, was held to a draw six times, lost seven decisions, lost one on a foul, and was in one no-decision bout.

I've been spending all my spare time recently in writing a book, which I expect to have on the market soon. I'm calling it The Glory Road, and I have hopes that it may prove popular enough to have the movie people buy the rights to it. I'm being helped with it by my trainer, Harry, who is a college graduate.

I am only twenty-nine, and it doesn't seem right to have to retire. But that's how it is in such a toll-taking sport as boxing. My first five years in the game must be charged up more or less to experience. I never went anywhere in particular until I tied up with Mr. Mead, and then the rapidity with which I went up to the top was enough to take a fellow's breath away. I attribute my success to good management, excellent training, and my aggressiveness and punch. I made it a rule never to hold. I always kept moving forward.

I surrendered the featherweight title, and I lost the lightweight title back to Ambers after returning from my welterweight victory over Ernie Roderick in London, May 25, 1939. It was with the welterweight crown that I had the most success. My foremost achievement was the knocking out of twenty-seven opponents in a row—most of them good men.

So long, fans!

THE END

ame was good to me

one with Lou Ambers—the one in which I won the lightweight title. As early as the fourth round the clever Ambers reopened a cut in my mouth that I had received in training camp. I must have swallowed a quart of blood before the fifteenth and final round ended. All the time I was in mortal terror that the referee would stop the fight because I was bleeding so. That was why I kept swallowing the blood. Winning the lightweight title under such a handicap was a distinct triumph.

My right name is Henry Jackson. I was born in a shack in St. Louis. Our family was big, so it was up to us boys to go out and make a dollar as soon as we knew what a dollar was. I drove spikes for a long time, and that work is responsible for my powerful shoulders.

I always took an interest in boxing, so it wasn't long before I was visiting the local colored Y. M. C. A. quite regularly. It was there that

READING TIME • 14 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

War Girl

EDITED BY KEITH AYLING

Thanks to their section leader, Kay and Joy saved Doris from punishment for her overnight absence without leave. Next day these three A. T. S. volunteers set off for an artillerymen's camp, where they found themselves under the command of "Pep," woman company assistant, and at the orders of "Auntie," feminine equivalent of a sergeant major. They were taught how to use a kinetheodolite and make the calculations for getting antiaircraft gun ranges and correcting angles of fire. They were doing this in a practice shoot with A Battery when an air-raid alarm sounded. All three girls "stayed put" and at work, though German plane after German plane came over and down came bombs and machine-gun bullets. Pep started across a field—and Joy heard, "They've got her!" and saw Pep's motorcycle on its side, giving off smoke. Now Joy goes on with the story.

PART THREE—A REWARD FOR VALOR

THAT shoot seemed like a million years. The figures kept coming and going. Once Kay inquired over the wire, "Did they get Pep?" I was praying silently like nobody's business: *Please, God, don't let Pep die.* . . .

A gossipy orderly came in. "They gave us a fair pasting, missy. I hear your officer got killed. Seems a shame putting women on a job like this!"

"Oh, we like it," said Doris. "Now buzz off—we're busy."

Tea didn't taste good. Nothing ever would again. That stain where the wounded gunner had been lying made me want to vomit; but Doris was taking it in her stride.

At six o'clock we rushed to the first-aid hut. The serious-faced M. O. had good news. They had taken Pep to the Casualty Clearing Station with nothing more than a graze on the arm and a few burns. An incendiary bullet had hit the tank of her motorcycle and set fire to the petrol. I said a prayer of thanks.

We were tidying up in the tent when Auntie stuck her funny old face in. Doris was sewing the shoulder straps on some pink cami-knicks. Auntie grabbed them. "Hey, Volunteer Mills! These are against regulations. Didn't you know? I shall have to confiscate them. They'll just do for me." She sat her two hundred pounds of outsize on my kit bag and held Doris' unmentionables up against herself. "No good—wouldn't even make me a pocket handkerchief." She rocked with laughter and my poor old kit bag telescoped a bit more.

"Listen, girls," she said, suddenly serious. "Old Sourpuss wants to see the three girls who are shooting with A Battery this afternoon. They expected you three to bolt for the dugouts, and as you didn't, they want to see if you're real. You are to report to Sourpuss in the officers' mess!" She smiled and winked fruitily. "And as your senior leader, I'm coming too. One of my duties is to chaperon you."

When she had gone, Doris peeled off her tunic and stepped out of her "regulations" into the pink ones. "No one has X-ray eyes," she exclaimed, "but it's a party, and I'd rather feel like a party underneath if I do have to look like an old brown hen outside!"

Kay made a sign to me and we went outside with our cigarettes.

"Joy, old horse, that show this morning sure made me wild at myself. I was trembling all over. I never thought I was that way. I've never been scared of a bronc or a cougar. How do you feel?"

"Pretty rotten," I had to admit.

"Funny how training gets under your skin, though," she said. "I saw Pep get hers. I wanted to run out and help her, but I just didn't. The job was more important."

Auntie called for us at seven forty-five. There were about forty officers waiting for us in the mess, a grinning come-hither half circle of masculine curiosity. I trembled. Kay just said, "Hi, boys!" Auntie whispered, "Shut up. Here's Sourpuss."

The commanding officer came over, six feet four of gray-haired soldierly dignity with four rows of medals.

Auntie "'tenshunned" us.

"Oh, not here, please!" he exclaimed. "Not here, sergeant major—we're off duty! They're off duty too, I hope." He rubbed his chin and gave us a once-over with a twinkle in his eye. "So these are the young ladies."

Auntie said, "Volunteer Mills, sir; Volunteer Cullum, sir; and Volunteer Joy Smith, sir—attached to A Battery this afternoon."

Soldiers in skirts! One of Britain's new fighters for democracy tells her gallant, exciting story

The old boy shook hands with us. "I congratulate you. Just heard of the remarkable job you did this afternoon. Major Cook told us about it and—er—we thought it an occasion for a little celebration. I'm afraid the regulations don't permit us to make it an official one, but I hope you will take it as it's offered."

"We certainly will, sir," said Auntie brightly.

When the glasses were full, the colonel called for silence. "Gentlemen, the King." We drank, and my heart swelled. To be here in an officers' army mess, drinking the health of His Majesty! Kay was beside me; her face lit up till she looked like a Joan of Arc. Then the colonel said, "To Her Majesty the Queen, Colonel in Chief of the A. T. S." We drank again. The colonel cleared his throat. "And now, gentlemen, we will drink to three very gallant members of the A. T. S. and their charming sergeant major. May they always be spared to do their job as they did today."

After that it was a real party, with uniforms and ranks forgotten. The boys flocked round us like flies on honey. Dates were flying round like butterflies in June. Once I heard Doris saying over the swish of the soda fountains, "The trouble here is that the nearest cinema is so far away. It would be all right if we knew some one with a car."

Before we went back to our camp Auntie was leading the whole gang in her own version of Kiss Me Good Night, Sergeant Major, and the C. O. was acting as conductor. Kay gave them a hillbilly song and Doris did a tap dance. We went back arm in arm singing, There'll Always Be an England, and feeling pretty bucked about it.

That night I said a prayer for Pep. I hadn't forgotten her all through the party. The next day the artillery C. O. sent a car to take us to C—— to see Pep in hospital. The place had been blitzed. There wasn't a window in it, the front porch had been smashed, and the wards were crowded with the civilian casualties.

Pep was in a private ward. She had a bandage round her head and her right arm was bound up thickly. She was bright-eyed and cheerful, but you could see she had had a bit of a shock.

"You're dears to come and see me!" she exclaimed. "I'm so glad you're all right! I heard Jerry'd got some of the men, so I was worried about you. Of course they won't tell you anything here. And how's Auntie?"

She screamed with laughter when we told her about the party. "I don't believe it. I can't. Old Sourpuss! Why, he put up an awful fight against us when our first unit came! For a whole week we didn't get any food. No one had thought of our rations, and the Army Council wouldn't allow us in camp, so I had to go and beg for rations from the cookhouse. He actually made me eat in the sergeants' mess with my face to the wall. I sent memos flying all over the place. My dears, thank heaven for those German planes. They've brought about a miracle—what a scream!"

She got serious then. "There may be a bit of a stink about this, though. You see, we girls are not supposed to go into action. That's why we're training the men. The army doesn't like us doing this front-line stuff. Don't forget we're really replacements."

"I know," said Kay, and she mimicked: "'You did not become a soldier, and you are not a soldier, but just some one who has pledged herself to a job which will release a man to be a soldier.'" That's what they tell us when we join, and they rub it in pretty often, in case we get ideas.

Pep took up the recitation: "'And your privilege is to wear the King's uniform; your responsibility is that you have released the soldier to do his job.'"

She looked rather ill when she was serious. She's typical of our motto, *Noblesse oblige*. Pray to God I'll be nearly as good as she is.

"Isn't it just my luck, girls?" she lamented. "You see, we had a plan worked out that if this ever happened I was to go to the advance post and double up on the girl there. Like an idiot, I chose just the wrong time."

She turned to me. "Smith, will you do me a favor? I must write to my young man. He's in the R. A. F. He's such a fuss-bag. He wants to hear if I'm all right every day, and really, it should be the other way about. I'll dictate a letter to you, and you can type it for me. Then he won't guess what's happened."

Pep dictated that she had fallen off her motorcycle and sprained her ankle. She expected to be back in a few days. "As your officer, my dears," she said, "I shouldn't let you know I'm a liar. But, really, this is justified. But I won't be away long. They're not going to move me to the base hospital."

Back at the depot Auntie met us. "You're to come to the office, all of

you," she said. "There's a spot of bother on. The chief commandant of the area has heard of our party last night, and she's pretty angry about it. She's fighting it out with Sourpuss now. Our going in the mess was a breach of A. T. S. regulations. You're confined to barracks until further notice."

"But why?" burst out Kay.

"But I simply can't! I've a date!" cried Doris.

I felt hot around the collar myself.

"There it is," said Auntie sadly. "You're on fatigue from now on. And that's what they would like to do with me if they could, but they can't. Anyhow, it won't take you long to clean twelve tents, will it? That's the only fatigue I can think of."

THAT afternoon a truck took us to the men's camp, where an A. T. S. company assistant marched us to the largest hut I have ever seen. There were three pails and three long-handled scrubbers. "That's the job, girls. The floor wants a scrubbing," she said without a smile. "Report to me in the artillery orderly room when you're through."

We stood staring at the wretched place. "It doesn't look as if it wanted a scrubbing," lamented Doris.

Kay chuckled. "Sez you! Well, here goes."

She took a flying kick at one of the buckets, and the water spilled all over the floor. Doris and I did likewise. Kicking pails over in an empty room makes an exhilarating noise. We hadn't been slaving very long when a couple of the artillery boys looked in. One of them grabbed Doris' scrubber, another mine. "Relax, girls!" They grinned and set to with a will. They had just gone when Auntie came in with the company assistant to fetch us. She barked at us: "Call this clean? Why, it's disgraceful!"

Kay's face froze. I thought she was going to answer her back. Then I saw dear old Auntie winking from under the peak of her cap. The company officer stamped slowly up and down the boards as if she were the world's greatest scrub expert. "I think this will do, senior leader," she said. "Squad may dismiss."

A volunteer came in. "Company commander wishes to see the three volunteers on fatigue, ma'am. She's in the office!" Auntie formed us up and marched us right across the barrack square to the artillery orderly room. She halted us in the front of another company commander, short, pink-faced, with a nose like the Duke of Wellington's. We saluted and stood to attention. "At ease," she ordered. She looked up at our friend the artillery C. O., who was hovering in the background. "Would you like to stay, colonel, or shall I deal with it myself?" The colonel took the hint and walked out.

The commander looked at Auntie. "Senior leader, you can go," she boomed. Auntie saluted and went. I stared at the ceiling. This was going to be awful.

"I expect you know why I sent for you," she began in a kind low voice. "You've been guilty of a breach of the regulations. A very serious breach indeed. But from what I can see, you were the victims of the army's overenthusiasm for your gallantry. You had no right to go into that officers' mess, and they had no right to invite you. That is why I had to take disciplinary action. The commanding officer of the artillery asked me to overlook the matter. This I could not do. We have to keep up our end with the army, you know. But now that you've done your fatigue, let us forget about the whole matter, and I am recommending you all for special leave. That's all."

Auntie was waiting for us outside. The poor old dear had been crying. "Oh, you kids, I'm so sorry! It's all my fault. I didn't know!" We just stood and grinned. She dabbed at her eyes. "And what are you all so happy about? What's happening?"

When we told her, she fizzed happiness like champagne.

Back in camp Doris suddenly said, "Girls, I'm going to resign. I'm not cut out for this job."

"Resign!" I gasped. "You can't!"

"Oh, yes, I can. It says so in the rules. We're not soldiers, and somehow I'm not the type. I'm afraid I'll do something really silly." She sat in her undies, hugging her knees. Suddenly the tears squirted out.

KAY went to put her arm on Doris' shoulder, but Doris pushed her away. "No, don't, please! That doesn't help! I know I'm not good enough. I'm a rotter. I can't go on. Boo-hoo! I never wanted to join."

Kay beckoned me outside. "Not so tough as we thought. But she'll come through. . . . Whoopee yeaow! Look at that! It's a bronc, or my name's Amelia!"

An artillery bombardier rode up leading a saddle horse. "You're the lady from Canada, miss? The C. O. thought you'd like to exercise his 'orse with me."

"I'm no lady, but I'd love to!" She took a flying leap into the saddle and they galloped out of sight, Kay ahead.

I tried to cheer up Doris. "It's no good," she sobbed. "No good. I'm frightened of being frightened. I'm a woman. I'm not a soldier. I haven't got morale—I'm a mess. I can resign. They said I could."

I was arguing with her when a telegram came for me, from Max. He had got leave and was coming to spend it at C——. My heart jiggled with joy. C—— wasn't a very bright place, but anywhere would be heaven with Max around.

Auntie stuck her face in. "There's something on. The men have got to be trained quicker. We've got to double the instruction units tomorrow. Any of you girls like to volunteer?"

Without waiting for us to answer, she hurried back to the orderly room. She came back presently. "They've telephoned again. Looks as if all leave will be stopped—we're having to organize three instruction squads. A new bunch of men are coming in. Oh, by the way, here's some news for you. They're going to let the A. T. S. wear posh caps. You'll have to buy 'em at your own expense, but you can put Royal Artillery colors on 'em."

Doris perked up. "Good! Let's go into town now and get some."

Kay came back, and we went. Strange what a new hat will do for you, even in uniform. Soldiers are allowed to wear forage caps with regimental colors. We bought ours, red, blue, and yellow with yellow pipings—terribly smart.

"Gee, Joy, you look cute! Max'll get wild about you," Kay said. I wanted Max to be wild about me. I really had been missing him desperately. He hadn't seen me in uniform before. In his last letter he had said we ought to get married now. . . .

BUT that night I was writing my name down on the special-duty list. "You're nuts," protested Kay. "Be reasonable when a guy's coming all this way to see you!"

I blinked a few tears back. I was being silly, I suppose, but—well, I remembered Pep. She would have carried on; so would I. Max would understand. He was a soldier. . . . But supposing he didn't! "I like a woman to be a woman," he had so often said. "I don't like this uniform business. There are plenty of things a woman can do, without joining up. I don't think I'd like a girl in uniform. . . ."

And here I was in uniform. If I could only go to meet him in an evening frock!

But soldiers don't cry. Knees up, Miss Smith! Chin up!

Doris came in. "Gosh, Joy, aren't you going to have your leave? What a shame! Poor old Max! They won't let him come into the camp, you know."

I tried to keep my voice straight. "I know—but he'll have to manage. They want volunteers."

"You're volunteering? You're crazy! I thought they were making you stay. Oh dear, so it looks as if I shall have to go on leave alone." Then she burst out like gala fireworks. "I know what, Joy! *I'll* look after Max when he comes! We get on so well together and he's quite interesting. After all, you can't leave the poor chap to be bored all alone in a strange town."

I went back to the tent and had a good cry.

I trust Max, of course; but Doris—there always was a "but" about Doris. . . .

Well, does Joy's Max prove worthy of her trust? And suppose our three A. T. S. girls, on leave in a London hot spot, are caught under a terrific German air raid: can they keep their chins up? And what happens if one of them finds herself stepping out with a German spy in a British uniform? Next week Joy will tell you!

Last Call to the Republican Party

What of the future?—A warning and a challenge

BY ROBERT MOSES

New York City Park Commissioner, president of the Long Island State Park Commission, chairman of the State Council of Parks, Republican candidate for governor of New York State in 1934.

WENDELL WILLKIE'S recent flying trip to the British Isles, and his testimony and talks since his return, have focused interest sharply on the problems of the Republican Party.

The old-line Republican organization leaders were never enthusiastic about Wendell Willkie. They accepted his candidacy with nothing more than surface cordiality. Once the election was over, they hoped to bury him, and to go back to the old pattern of tractable candidates who never take the bit in their teeth.

These leaders objected violently to the Willkie trip into the war zone, partly because they foresaw the dramatic possibilities of the journey, including the resurrection of a gentleman who was thought to be politically dead and buried.

This reaction could not be expressed frankly. Voices were therefore raised in condemnation of Willkie's alleged change of attitude. They said he had fooled the public, and particularly his own following, in the campaign.

Another criticism flung at Willkie is that he should privately have consulted the leaders of his party, and particularly its members in Congress, before he went abroad, immediately after his return, and, in any event, before he testified in the Senate and made his Lincoln Day address. It is said that if he had done this, alibis could somehow have been prepared to explain why the leaders and members in Congress had modified their views since the campaign, and why they must now follow Willkie rather than Landon, Taft, Fish, Lindbergh, or Hugh Johnson.

The insincerity of these criticisms is manifest. It is sheer nonsense to say that Mr. Willkie, or any other Republican, is betraying his party because he favors the Lend-Lease Bill or all-out aid to Britain, and it is silly to suggest that Mr. Willkie had the time in this emergency to talk stand-pat Republican objectors into agreement with him or furnish jittery congressmen with mattresses to break their fall if their constituents shoved them out of the window.

The fact is that the Republican Party must make its choice now between being a party of opposition and a party of objection, between being a party of principle and one of prejudice, between sour faultfinding and constructive criticism, between petty local bickering and national statesmanship.

The Old Guard leaders do not speak with authority for the twenty-two million who voted for Mr. Willkie. My hunch is that they speak for only a fraction of this number. This country is not going to follow an embittered, venomous, faultfinding, mumbling cabal of political hacks who have little to offer to their contemporaries and less to young voters.

You may say, "Well, be specific. What should an intelligent Republican opposition have done about Bill 1776?" I think I can give you an answer. Most of the opposition to the bill fell wide of the mark. It seems to me that there were just two things of real importance for fair attack. First, since the bill aims at perfecting both defense and British aid, it should have set up a defense and aid organization which every one could understand. Second, it should have provided definitely for the delegation of the immense powers which the President sought. It is not the granting of these powers which is so dangerous; it is their retention and personal exercise by the Executive which constitutes the real menace. These are the vices in the bill to which the opposition should have directed their criticism.

Let me suggest another line of patriotic opposition, this time involving domestic issues. The difference between the more progressive Republicans and the more conservative New Dealers is not great. On the other hand, the difference between radical New Dealers and stand-pat Republicans is as deep as a well and as wide as a church door. The two center groups differ not so much on motives as on pace, and it is to those just left of the center who have recently been voting Democratic, that the Republicans just right of the center must make their appeal. The issue should be this: Shall there be gradual change with periodic tests of accomplishment, or revolutionary experiment from which there is no retreat?

The Republican Party must be prepared to outline a constructive domestic program for peace. It must be ready to prove that private enterprise should be the mainspring of this program, and that the common man will benefit in ever increasing measure. In the meantime, if the party fails to align itself with the large majority of our citizens who believe that there is no compromise with Hitlerism and Stalinism, if it turns to isolation or appeasement, it will write its death warrant.

I am profoundly convinced that for us Republicans this is the last call—positively the last call.

THE END

READING TIME • 9 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

Suggestion for

Something to ponder! Why not chart the skills America has in reserve?

MEMO—From Fulton Oursler to Morris Markey:

I have met a number of men recently who wanted me to tell them what their usefulness might be in the National Defense. They are too old to fight—at least, too old for the draft. But many of them were in the last war, and they ask me whether the government intends to make any use of their experience. A lawyer, for example, was a captain and air pilot. He says:

"Is there any way for them to know about me? Suppose they needed somebody in, say, the Judge Advocate General's Department, to deal with matters affecting the Air Corps. How would they know I was available, and experienced?"

Another man is a brilliant insurance expert who was in liaison work last time because of his perfect French and German. He also believes the country could make some use of him, if only somebody at Washington knew of his existence.

Also, there must be any number of able men, highly educated and trained, who are unemployed now for one reason or another. Some of them have military experience in addition to their chosen specialty.

I have not heard of any plan to register or otherwise co-ordinate our civilian resources of brain power in the way that skilled mechanics, etc., are being guided into the production effort.

Would you like to look into this and let me know whether the idea is worth an article for Liberty?

F. O.

Memo—From Morris Markey to Fulton Oursler:

This sounds interesting and, what's more, important. I'll take a look around and let you know in a day or two.

M. M.

Memo—From Morris Markey to Fulton Oursler:

In re your idea about mobilizing civilian brains, etc. My investigation convinces me that we should have a National Personnel Bureau—one central office where *all* the facts about our reserves of specially trained man power would be instantly available.

As you know, of course, the major effort in the present military training program is not simply to build a complete standing army, but to find out what our men of fighting age are capable of doing in the present style of total war. Each of the two million trainees is given an exhaustive examination as to his skills, experience, education, etc., so that he may be dropped into precisely his right slot in the war machine. This is really more important than teaching him to shoot a rifle, the way things shape up now.

The result will be a monumental file containing a pretty complete picture of every single soldier: his intelligence, aptitudes, crafts and trades, etc.

The theme of our article should be: "Why not a similar classification of highly educated and valuable men who are past fighting age?"

Herewith my notes, outlining the essential facts in the matter. I think it would be a very helpful article, and might spur Washington into the adoption of such a plan.

M. M.

1. *a.* We should concentrate at the outset upon the specialists who are out of work and therefore immediately available for defense work, either in the government proper or, through the Office of Production Management, in plants furnishing defense matériel.

b. Each of the forty-eight states now operates its own Employment Bureau. The federal government contributes a part of the cost and each state makes reports, in a general sort of way, to the Bureau of Employment Security at Washington. (Of course they are not trying to find only government jobs for the men, but jobs anywhere.)

c. State bureaus are concerned with all types of workers, listing more than 500 occupations from common laborers up through skilled artisans to teachers and professional men. In the smaller communities all applicants are handled in the same office. In the big cities categories are separated because of the great volume of applicants. Our immediate concern is with the Professional Office in New York City.

On December 31, 1940, there were exactly *16,543 professional men* registered at this office, on the active list, seeking jobs! (Astonish you? It does me, all right.)

They were everything: doctors and lawyers, construction engineers and highway engineers, chemists and metallurgists, hotel managers and heads of defunct corporations, architects and accountants. Even two college presidents.

Here, in short, were 16,543 highly educated men: 16,543 items of available brain power. It would be absurd to think that because they were out of work they are no good. In the great majority of cases, circumstances just went the wrong way, corporations folded up, clashes of personality were disastrous, temporary illness broke the string, etc., etc. I talked to a number of these men and have some case histories, if there is space in the magazine for them.

d. EXAMPLE: Brilliant graduate of M. I. T. at Cambridge. Wrote his

doctor's thesis on new alloys of steel and it attracted wide attention in the industry. Offered choice of many positions. Went, instead, into the War Industries Board in 1918. Came out a captain and took job with big Rhode Island machine-tool manufacturer. Rose to chief engineer of plant. Then the firm was absorbed by a rival in depression of 1932. Our man had to play second fiddle to a painfully inferior man in the new set-up. Couldn't stand it and quit. Went four years without a job. Got one, and another company folded up under him. Now, in mid-forties, wants to be of use to his country as well as his family.

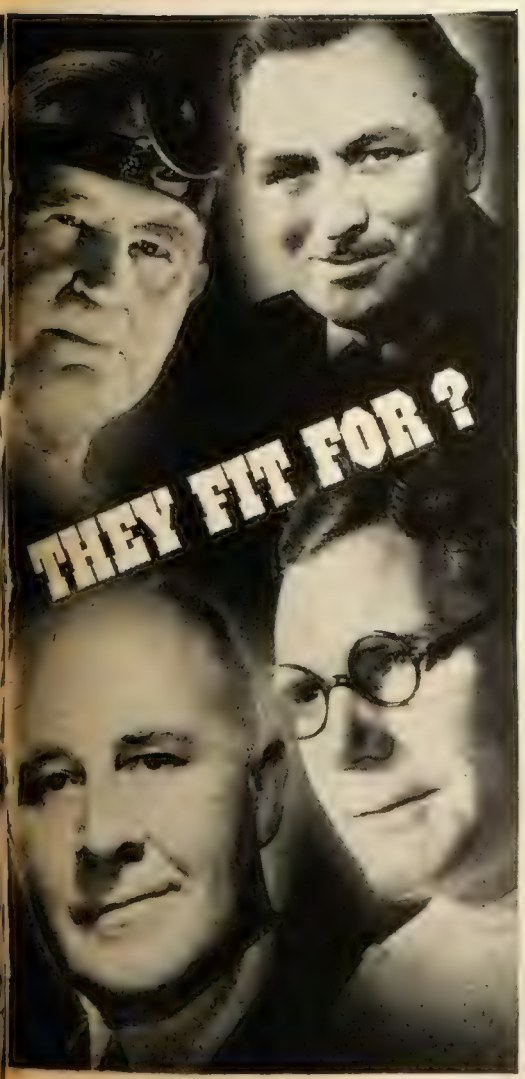
2. *a.* If so many of such men are available in New York City alone, there must be many thousands more in the nation. I don't mean all of them are brilliant fellows down on their luck. A certain percentage are, of course, duds. They could be weeded out in short order, *if our plan is used.*

b. What is the present practice? These men are questioned by clerks in the employment office and their records of education, past employment, etc., noted in a good filing system. (This routine for all applicants, not only professional men.) Employers come to the bureau when they need additional help, and take their pick of the men available. Quite a few get jobs.

Then, once a month, the bureau reports to Washington, as I said. But the report is only a brief recapitulation of available man power: 200 carpenters, 175 plumbers, 55 doctors, etc., etc. It undertakes to tell nothing of individuals. It is the theory that from Washington the reports

Defense

BY MORRIS MARKEY



are exchanged among all the forty-eight states. If Oregon has a shortage of turret-lathe workers, it may learn that Pennsylvania has men to spare, etc. This works all right, within very strict limitations. Because Oregon has no way at all of picking promising individuals from the available men in Pennsylvania. Just orders, "Ten lathe workers, please."

3. *a.* What do we propose to do about it? Answer: A Central Personnel Bureau, a "casting office," so to speak, at Washington.

b. How would it work? Answer: A recruit going into the army is given a ninety-minute examination by a noncom experienced in personnel work. He answers thirty questions—and those thirty answers, which tell just about all there is to know about the man, are entered on a large filing card. This card is one of those miraculous gadgets thought up by the insurance companies for their records. It gets punched according to a code and then put into its proper rack.

Suppose the army should find a sudden need for ten ex-linotypers who could play baseball and speak Magyar. A clerk would press a button and pull a rod, and up would hop all of the cards of men meeting those bizarre requirements.

Why not the same thing for available and highly specialized civilians? Why not let the clerks at the employment bureaus give a similar thorough examination to applicants and enter its results upon a similar all-embracing card? And then send the card to the Central Bureau at Washington?

Uncle Sam would then have at the tip of his fingers complete pictures of thousands and thousands of valuable men able to help the country and eager for the chance! Specialists could be fitted into the exact spot for which they are suited, just as the soldiers are now, and perhaps release younger and less experienced men to the combat forces.

c. Would it be a great undertaking—physically, I mean—the filing of the cards, etc.? I talked to Brockway and Kaufman of the New York State Employment Service, and they pointed out that the government has filed about fifty million Social Security cards without too much trouble. Brockway and Kaufman seemed to think well of the idea, and gave me further information, to wit:

4. Many of the professional societies, Engineers, Chemists, Doctors, Lawyers, etc., and many of the college clubs, Harvard, Yale, Princeton, etc., have their own placement bureaus. Applicants to these bureaus (graduates of the colleges in each case) could fill out our comprehensive cards and have them sent to file in Washington. Likewise, a large number of big industrial concerns are taking far more elaborate records of their employees, as to skills, adaptability, etc., than they have ever done before. More material for our Central Bureau.

5. *a.* Which brings me to the final point: Let us suggest that the state Employment Bureaus be used as the trial horses, the guinea pigs, upon which the Central Personnel Bureau at Washington might be based. Get the system working not only with professional men and executives of steadying experience but also with skilled craftsmen and artisans, shop inspectors, etc. If that begins to work (as I am positive it will) then extend the system to the professional societies, the college clubs, and perhaps the major trade-unions. Then:

b. Set up registration offices at key points where civilians may *volunteer* to present their own personal qualifications which might be called upon in time of emergency—their dossiers, so to speak—for the confidential record at Washington. This would take care of your lawyer man and your insurance man and a lot of other patriotic people whom you know and I know. Including yours truly, who was a pretty good lieutenant back in 1918, but who knows about it now? I could still be a pretty good lieutenant if they did not make me run too fast up stairways and would give me a horse if the march were long.

O. K. If this strikes your fancy, let me know right away because I think we should get into print with it. I could do it in about 3,500 words, if we didn't want too many of those personal stories of which I gave an example in 1. *d.* I really like it.

M. M.

Memo—Fulton Oursler to Morris Markey:

I think this should get into earliest issue. Don't take time to write the article. I'll just publish your notes. Seems to me they tell the story.

F. O.

THE END

She wrote firmly with large angry strokes. Peter edged near and read over her shoulder.

Now to a reckless, bewildered girl comes the most poignant blow of all

FOOTLOOSE!

By Grace Perkins

READING TIME • 25 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

LILI KETTRIDGE, beautiful, rich, reckless, is stampeded into an engagement to Horace Rumford when her mother, arriving from England on the Clipper, discovers that newspapermen are hounding Lili because she took Horry to a hospital and registered him under a false name when he tried to commit suicide. Horry, although still in love with Magda, now Mrs. Bugs Dourbon, consents to the engagement to save Lili's reputation. Lili, who loves Peter Higgins, a young law student with no money and an orphaned niece to support, agrees reluctantly.

Later she begins to believe that it may be a good idea to marry Horry. The only person who seems to disapprove is Sawyer, her dead grandmother's old servant who now runs Lili's house in Croton. Even Peter seems not to care. Although he has a summer job as tennis pro at the Country Club, she seldom sees him. The job ends, however, when there is a scandal involving a woman whom Peter hid one night in a cabin near the tennis courts. Lili finds out that the woman, whom Peter refused to identify, was her mother!

Peter explains to Lili. Shelley, Lili's artist father who lives in Arizona with his second wife, has been pursuing his divorced wife, Lili's mother, ever since she arrived in America. When she received word during the Country Club dance that he was coming to Croton, she was so upset that Peter took her to the cabin, then to his boardinghouse. They tried all night to locate Shelley by telephone to persuade him to stay in New York. In the morning Mrs. Kettridge went to the city to meet him.

After the explanation Lili feels better. Then she hears from Horry that Bugs Dourbon has been killed and Magda injured in a plane crash. Horry wants to go to Magda at once. Lili meets him at the airfield and he tells her that their engagement is off. She drives home, much upset. She takes a wrong turning near Croton, discovers it, and heads her car toward home. On the road she sees a crowd gathered. Spying Peter, she gets out of her car and pushes her way forward. Lying on the ground is Peggy, Peter's small niece, with blood on her face and head.

PART SEVEN—BLEAKERS BRINGS BAD NEWS

SHE didn't have to ask what had happened. Too many in the crowd were talking. Hit-and-run driver. . . . Lili's mind took in everything, even though she wasn't consciously listening—all their disjointed remarks. . . . Poor little kid who was so rarely let out after dark, and who had evidently managed it this time by sneaking out when Mrs. Robbins wasn't looking, to go even in the storm to buy her Uncle Peter a birthday present. Evidently she had lost her way or taken the wrong turn.

But Lili saw only the little face being mercilessly rained on, and the blood running down the thin neck inside the little coat. And she found herself pushing her way toward the child with a moaning sound.

There was a policeman bending over her, and Lili recognized him.

"Officer Bleakers!" she said. "Put her in my car. Let me drive her to the hospital."

Then she heard a hoarse cry—a man's voice in a bloodcurdling oath. She glanced up to see Peter's arms upraised like a madman's, and to hear him screaming wildly for God to bring justice on whoever did it.

"Take it easy, brother," she heard Bleakers say sharply.

Officer Bleakers glanced up. He had been bending with his ear against the small chest, listening for a heartbeat, and one huge hand still held the frail wrist, feeling for the pulse. Washed by the rain, his face was so grimly set that he looked almost as if he had lockjaw. Then, squinting at Lili, he recognized her and nodded. At his gesture, she knelt down beside him in the mud, and he gently hoisted over to her clasp the child's shoulders and head, and got up to shake Peter into sensibility and scatter the crowd.

Lili held the little body close to her. She fumbled in the rain at the buttons of her coat, and opened it to lay the bleeding head inside against her breast and protect it from the rain. The child's head fell away from her—just as Peggy had always looked away from her, or else had looked at her with only sullenness in her small eyes. But this time it didn't matter. There was only the feeling that she might be dead, that this little life, however unfriendly, unloved, or unloving it may have been, should be so brutally ended.

Bleakers was asking questions and giving orders, and Peter came toward Lili in a sort of daze. He put his great palm on the child's face and a sob broke through his tightly closed lips. She eased her fingers from Peggy's elbow to touch his icy cold hand. He nodded and turned away.

And then a very strange thing happened to Lili Kettridge—the sort of miracle that some people say comes seldom, but other people say comes often but is seldom recognized. Her arms had found their purpose. She felt the child, warm, enfolded in them, and she had a rush of tenderness that could mean only one thing: the maternalism that every one took for granted, that people either laughed at or wrote lyrics to. It had never occurred to Lili that she could be capable of such feeling. Now, with a rush that warmed her beyond the cold rain, beyond the fear of Peggy's wounds, she felt proud and strong, and she could understand why a mother would fight for her young.

Peter had taken off his coat when he turned from her and was tucking it around Peggy. Bleakers joined them and helped Lili carry the child to the car.

"She's alive, Higgins," he was telling Peter. "I swear I heard her heart beat. She's living, all right. Now you climb in back there and hold her. We'll put her across your lap."

They settled Peter in the back, with little Peggy outstretched on the

seat, her head on her uncle's lap. Lili was glad that she always kept a robe folded in the car. They put it over her now, tucking some of it under her head for a pillow. Then Lili slipped behind the steering wheel, but Bleakers, as he was about to sit beside her, turned to her abruptly.

"Get over here and let me drive," he ordered.

He seemed a long time going around the front of the car to take the driver's seat.

"Damn the heel who did it," Peter kept repeating. "I'll track him down if it's the last thing I ever do."

Lili turned and murmured, "Oh, Peter, don't, don't! She'll be all right. God wouldn't let her die."

Officer Bleakers climbed in the driver's seat and nudged Lili sharply with an elbow. Evidently he thought it best to leave Peter alone.

After driving a block or so Bleakers said to Lili, "When did you have that drink?"

"You mean me?" she asked, amazed.

"That's what I mean," Bleakers snapped. "Don't you know you oughtn't to drive after drinking, or didn't anybody ever tell you that?"

She leaned back a little wearily. There was no use answering him.

WHEN they reached the hospital Lili found herself, in a short while, standing apart and forgotten. Bleakers was making his report. Peter, at the desk, was formally entering the child, who had already been carried to the emergency ward. She listened to Peter tell how he had missed the little girl and had started out to search for her. He had seen Officer Bleakers going by and hailed him, asking if he had seen little Peggy or if he would watch out for her on his rounds. Not long after, they found her lying in a ditch. And all the while she was listening Lili was remembering, quite senselessly, the night she had stood in this same corridor and tried to get Horace Rumford entered.

In the midst of her thoughts, Officer Bleakers walked up to her.

"Come on into the little office here a minute, will you?" he said. "I want to talk to you."

She followed him obediently. She remembered the little room, too. It was one in which an interne had talked to her and said he could tell her nothing without Dr. Alberts' permission. She looked at Officer Bleakers now, and realized his face was harsh and accusing.

"All right," she said. "You're perfectly right, officer. I had a drink. Maybe it was two, but I don't think so. At any rate, I didn't finish the second. That was long, long ago, in New York."

"You look like hell." Officer Bleakers said.

"I've been crying." She shrugged.

"You drove out of New York alone after having these couple of drinks, and you were crying? Do you mind telling me something? If you were coming back from New York, why was your car headed in the direction it was?"

"I went past my turn," she told him. "Then realized it and came back."

"Kind of funny."

"Officer Bleakers," she said vehemently, "what are you trying to make of all this?"

"I'm not sure," said Bleakers—and without another word he crosspassed her and left the little room. She looked out into the corridor and watched the big blue-uniformed figure stride away from her, and disappear around the desk.

Lili went halfway down the hall to where she knew there was a lavatory. In what little mirror was provided, she realized she did look like hell. But, more important than that, on her hands and arms and all across the front of her dress and the inside of her coat was wet blood. She began to wash it off, at first slowly, with little horrified dabs, and then more and more hastily, in a sort of panic. What harm had little Peggy ever done any one? What kind of world was it, that she should be hit on the one night she had run out to get her uncle a present? And what kind of person would go and leave the child there? No wonder Peter had sworn so bitterly!

Lili heard a voice whispering . . . "Our Father—Who art in heaven—"

The voice grew louder and hurried and fervent. "Hallowed be Thy name—Thy kingdom come . . ."

It was her own voice! She stopped short and looked around the empty tiled lavatory. Her *own* voice! She was praying. She, Lili Kettridge, was praying. She couldn't remember when she had prayed last. The prayers in chapel in school didn't count, did they? One had to say them. The prayers in Sunday-morning church and all the other services that Gran had dragged her to—they were just duty prayers. Night after night, as a child, she had knelt by her bed and said her prayers for a governess to hear, or for Gran when she wasn't too hard at work, when she wasn't going out, or when she wasn't on a tour. But those were just automatic prayers, said dutifully to whoever told her to say them.

When had she last really prayed? She decided that it was the night Gran had taken her to her own home. She was six years old, and in a strange bed. All alone, she had asked God to give her back her home again and make things right with her parents.

She finished cleaning, washed her face and buttoned her coat up over her wet dress, and slipped a comb through her hair.

Then she went to the desk and inquired for Peter Higgins. She was told he was upstairs with the doctors. She asked if she might wait to hear the first report on the child and perhaps see Mr. Higgins, and they nodded permission.

IN the bleak forbidding waiting room, she walked up and down; she sat; she found herself beginning to shake. A fit of trembling shook her spasmodically. There were a great many things she should do, but she couldn't do anything but wait until Peter came.

When he came—a good forty minutes later—his face was almost bloodless, his eyes wide and frightened.

"Is it that bad, Peter?" she asked softly, and stood up.

He went to her and, like some one weary beyond strength, he put his head down on her shoulder.

"Oh, Lili," he whispered, "I'm glad you are here."

"Tell me, tell me, Peter." She put her arms around him and held him tight. "How serious is it?"

"They don't know," he said heavily. After a moment he straightened up and said, "It's concussion—concussion of the brain. That might mean anything."

He turned away and beat the palm of a hand with his fist.

"The wounds aren't serious. None of the abrasions seem serious or very deep. The way they figure it, she was hit from behind, and hit her head on a stone or something when she fell. But how could anybody . . . how could they do it, Lili? Do it and drive on—leave a kid helpless in the mud on a rainy night?"

"Peter, when will they know?"

He shrugged. "They are working on her now. They aren't sure. They can't give any definite answer. My God, as if that kid hasn't had enough trouble! But if anything develops—I mean—I think I would rather see her dead than . . ."

"I know, Peter. . . . What are you going to do? Are you going to wait here?"

He nodded.

"Peter, she must have a private room and nurses."

"I have arranged for all of it." He shook his head with irritable pride. "Thanks, Lili."

"I know, but my name does mean

(*Continued on page 39*)

"I guess he was never whacked with a hairbrush or he wouldn't be tryin' to sell one to ma."

The cry of the Little Peoples

By RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

The Cry of the Little Peoples
went up to God in vain;
The Czech, and the Pole, and the Finn,
and the Schleswig Dane.

We ask but a little portion
of the green, ambitious earth;
Only to sow and sing and reap
in the land of our birth.

We ask not coaling stations,
nor ports in the China seas,
We leave to the big child-nations
such rivalries as these.

We have learned the lesson of time,
and we know three things of worth;
Only to sow and sing and reap
in the land of our birth.

O leave us our little margins,
waste ends of land and sea,
A little grass, and a hill or two,
and a shadowing tree;

O leave us our little rivers
that sweetly catch the sky,
To drive our mills, and to carry our wood,
and to ripple by.

Of this O will ye rob us,—
with a foolish mighty hand,
Add, with such cruel sorrow,
so small a land to your land?

So might a boy rejoice him
to conquer a hive of bees,
Overcome ants in battle,—
we are scarcely more mighty than these—

So might a cruel heart hear
a nightingale singing alone,
And say, "I am mighty! See how
the singing stops with a stone!"

Yea, he were mighty indeed,
mighty to crush and to gain;
But the bee and the ant and the bird
were the mighty of brain.

And what shall you gain if you take us
and bind us and beat us with thongs,
And drive us to sing underground
in a whisper our sad little songs?

Forbid us the very use of our
heart's own nursery tongue—
Is this to be strong, ye nations,
is this to be strong?

What gain in the day of battle—
to the Russ, to the German, what gain,
The Czech, and the Pole, and the Finn,
and the Schleswig Dane?

The Cry of the Little Peoples
goes up to God in vain,
For the world is given over
to the cruel sons of Cain;

The hand that would bless us is weak
and the hand that would break us is strong,
And the power of pity is nought
but the power of a song.

The dreams that our fathers dreamed
today are laughter and dust,
And nothing at all in the world
is left for a man to trust.

Let us hope no more, or dream,
or prophesy, or pray,
For the iron world no less will crash
on its iron way;

And nothing is left but to watch,
with a helpless, pitying eye,
The kind old aims for the world,
and the kind old fashions die.

¶ This Poem was written in 1903, and not one word has been changed in it since. Should father wish to bring it up to date, all he would have to do, alas, is to add to the tragic list—so prophetic, even to its sequence—Norway, Holland, Belgium, and France. Knowing his gallant spirit and his sense of true values, I feel he would now end the Poem on a challenging note.

Our Poets have ever been our Prophets, and perhaps he will look once more into the Future, and bring to us another vision; one in which the "iron world" no longer "will crash on its iron way," one in which "the bee and the ant and the bird," and all that they symbolize, will ultimately triumph.

EVA LE GALLIENNE

Copies may be obtained, price fifty cents, from Sixty-fifth Street Bookshop, Inc., 866 Lexington Avenue, New York.

Hate TAKES A HOLIDAY

News! . . How one state is waging war on bigotry

READING TIME ● 3 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

BY ALAN HYND

A FEW months ago, in a congested neighborhood in Newark, New Jersey, they were fighting the war across back fences—a Polish woman, a German woman, an Italian, and a Jewess. Today those four women are good friends, having learned how to be good Americans, *under the law.*

In another New Jersey city an Italian workman walked into a Greek candy store a few days after Italy invaded Greece. He and the proprietor had been friends. "You are no good," he said. "Anybody that's against Mussolini is no good." Thereupon the Greek made some remarks about Il Duce, and the battle was on. But today once more those two are friends, thanks to a certain law.

In a mill in northern New Jersey several Russian workers threatened to walk out and tie up vital production unless two Finnish employees were discharged. They weren't, however, and those Finns and Russians are actually stanch friends today—because of the only law of its kind on American statute books.

On June 4, 1938, the New Jersey Legislature passed an act creating a Good-Will Commission "to foster racial and religious understanding," and there materialized an *official* agency unexampled in United States history. These three incidents typify what has been happening far and wide as the result of its activities.

Myra A. Blakeslee, secretary and executive director of the Commission, heard about the battle of the Newark back fences. One of the participants was told, not invited, to attend a forum conducted by the Commission. She went away impressed—and with certain stern instructions. A fortnight later she walked into Mrs. Blakeslee's office in Newark. "I asked the other women to come to my house for ice cream," she reported. "They were so surprised, they forgot they hated me on account of the war. I told them what I'd heard at the meeting—about how we have to stick together in this country if we don't want what happened in Europe to happen here. Now we are all friends."

And now they are all disseminating good will. So are the one-time candy-store fighters and the erstwhile mill disputants. And so are tens of thousands of others.

Fifteen members of the Commission, appointed by the Governor, serve for three years without pay. It is composed of Catholics, Jews, and Protestants, Democrats and Republicans; representatives of the English, German, Italian, Negro, Polish, and Russian races, among others; big and little business and professional people and the plain workingman and the housewife. There is a Good-Will Committee in each of the state's twenty-one counties.

The subject of Democracy is to take its place in the curriculum of all high schools during the 1941-42 school year. The State Department of Public Instruction, co-operating with the Commission, is working out the course. Emphasis will be placed on the widely diversified origins and beliefs of individuals who have helped mold the United States of America.

Each county committee is required to conduct at least four public forums annually. Membership of civic, fraternal, women's, veterans', business, labor, and religious organizations are utilized to dig up attendance. Idlers, bigots, potential fifth columnists are spotted and told that a good-will forum is about to be conducted and that they had better be there. One second-generation German scoffed at an invitation—then not only attended the forum but resigned from the Bund the next day!

Speakers who ordinarily command high fees for appearances have contributed their services at forums. Movie houses have chipped in with announcement slides. More than 300 forums have been held, with attendance approaching 150,000. This powerhouse of good will is generating currents that already have been felt as far away as California.

If trouble arises over racial disagreements, the local committee carries on from the point where normal peace enforcement leaves off. Police blotters throughout the state reflect a decided drop in quarrels originating in racial disagreements.

In the past year motorists on New Jersey highways have been seeing big red-white-and-blue posters:

GOODWILL BEGINS WITH YOU
AVOID GROUP HATREDS
PRESERVE AMERICAN UNITY

The posters (contributed) started inquiries from far and wide. More than a dozen legislators from eight states sought details, and thirty-six governors have been in direct communication with the Commission.

New Jersey's governor proclaims each May 18 as Good-Will Day. Brotherhood has become as important as slum clearance and reformatories. The bread is on the waters and hate has taken a holiday.

THE END

In cigarettes, as in coast defense guns, it's modern design that makes the big difference!

"Yes, Colonel—Pall Mall's modern design filters the smoke—lessens throat irritation!"

Of traditionally fine tobaccos

• Modern design has made a vast difference in coast defense—has given these streamlined railway guns a new kind of performance. That's important—for lives may depend on their range and accuracy—their modern design.

Listen to the men who direct these guns. They'll tell you that in cigarettes, too, it's modern design that makes the big difference.

Pall Mall's modern design brings you a new kind of smoking pleasure. For this streamlined cigarette is deliberately designed to give you a much smoother, less irritating smoke. You see, tobacco is its own natural filter. In Pall Mall the smoke is measurably filtered . . . filtered over a 20% longer route of Pall Mall's traditionally fine tobaccos.

Pall Mall's modern design also means a definitely cooler smoke. That's because the additional length travels the smoke further—gets rid of heat and bite on the way.

Now, at last—thanks to modern design—a truly fine cigarette provides in fact what other cigarettes claim in theory—a smoother, less irritating smoke—Pall Mall.

Prove it! Yourself, try Pall Mall critically. See if you, too, don't agree that—

"Pall Mall's modern design filters the smoke—lessens throat irritation."

"WHEREVER PARTICULAR PEOPLE CONGREGATE"

Copyright 1941 American Cigarette and Cigar Co.

Luck OF THE IRISH

BY ALISON BUTCHER

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

YOU'VE heard about guys with gold spoons in their mouths. Well, I'll tell you about a fella with a gold shovel in his mitt. Just a plain dirt shovel to you—but it planted Barney smack on the Gravy Train!

Ordinarily Barney was a lifeguard, but things bein' tough that summer, he was doin' a bit of temporary diggin' for the WPA. You couldn't help likin' Barney—a big good-natured Irish lad with soft eyes and happy as a lark—except when he got to thinkin' about Gladys.

Now don't get me wrong! Glad's a nice enough dame if you like a pusher. Cute-lookin' and smart, heaven knows! But she was gettin' awful sick of her job as hat-check girl in a New York hot spot, see, and likewise gettin' awful anxious to retire on an amiable husband. So she was always writin' Barney ambitious letters about steady jobs.

That's why Barney was restin' on his shovel in Portland, Maine, thinkin' about Glad and what she expected outta Life, and what was he goin' to *do* about it?

Suddenly out of a side street busted a big fella in a blue uniform, followed close by a older man. The Blue Uniform rushed up to Barney, blowin' a whistle to split your ears, grabbed him by the seat of the pants, and yelled, "I got 'im, Pop! Public Enemy No. 1!"

The old gent stepped up quick and said, "Release him, Oscar! The prisoner surrenders!"

That phony double talk seemed to click—and this here Oscar let go.

Then the old guy, who was this Oscar's pop, explained the set-up. Boiled down, it amounted to this:

Oscar was a harmless nut. When he was eight, a lug tried to kidnap him. The snatch didn't come off, but in the scuffle Oscar got bopped on the bean. The wallop left him barmy.

That was fourteen years ago, and the docs didn't hold out much hope for a cure. Maybe, they said, if he got another wallop in the right spot—it might do the trick.

So the old man, who was filthy with dough, was doin' everythin' he could to make the poor guy happy.

Right now there was a job open for a honest-appearin' fella like Barney to be Oscar's companion and attendant. No work—just humor Oscar in the notion that he's a cop and Barney is Public Enemy No. 1. If Barney's references was O. K., would he like the job at sixty per, grub and livin' found? (*Would he!*)

Oh, there was two catches. Twenty-four-hour duty—and *no dames!*

Barney blinked twice—and announced he was ready any time.

Things was elegant in the new job! They lived in a mansion and every day Barney found himself growin' fonder of poor Oscar.

And was that job a rest cure! They got up when they felt like, got in their outfits—Oscar in his uniform; Barney in a yellow polo shirt, blue pants, and no hat. Like the gangster on the cover of Half-World Heroes which Oscar admired. (Barney would of give a good bit for a skimmer, but the picture didn't feature no lid.) After breakfast, they got drove to the beach. Honest, it made me sore—me, lifeguardin' nine hours a day for peanuts, and that lug Barney livin' like a overstuffed millionaire.

Whenever Oscar got nervous and made a move toward the seat of Barney's britches, Barney quick give the double talk and Oscar relaxed. Positively the only strain on Barney—except one. Gladys.

Glad stood it for two months, then she begins naggin' him by Special Delivery to get a job in New York.

I knew from the look on his pan the day the "or else" letter come. She'd lined up a steady job for him as bouncer in the Kalico Kit-Kat where *she* worked, see?

Poor Barney! He sure hated to leave the grand life and Oscar.

Brokenhearted, he pinned a "Don't-try-to-find-me-I-escaped" note on the pillow, and scrammed . . .

About two weeks later Barney was sittin' pretty forlorn in the Kit-Kat among all the floor-show cuties, when all of a sudden the door bust open and in barged Oscar, in his cop's uniform, tootin' his whistle fit to tear a lung. At his heels pounded Pop. (Sure, *I* tipped them off where Barney was—but how did I know Oscar was organizin' a raid?)

Oscar spotted Barney and made a flyin' leap for him, scatterin' tables and patrons east and west.

Now, this was like pennies from heaven to two big drunks who was spoilin' for a fight. Fixin' Oscar's uniform with a tipsy bead, Drunk No. 1 yodeled joyfully, "The bulls!" Drunk No. 2 made a expert lunge at Oscar—and the brawl was on!

In a second the walls was bulgin' with Oscar shuttlin' back and forth between the two bruisers.

When he got a load of poor Oscar's frightened pan, somethin' exploded in Barney and he picked up a bench and knocked out one drunk, stunned the other. He was just about to dust off a coupla kibitzers when he slipped on a bottle.

That done it! Barney's head smacked the floor—the bench whirled outta his hands and caught Oscar a terrible wallop on the bean.

Six hours later a O. K.—*a positively O. K.!*—Oscar come to in the hospital. You guessed it. Barney had landed the lucky wallop them doctors was mumblin' about for fourteen years! That sock had knocked Oscar clean into his right mind!

WITH Barney things is just the same. Only improved.

For one thing, nobody grabs the seat of his pants no more. For another, he sports a lid. In fact—now that he's Oscar's *bodyguard*—Pop's still allergic to the idea of a snatch—he wears a skimmer continuous. Gives the new job real class, see?

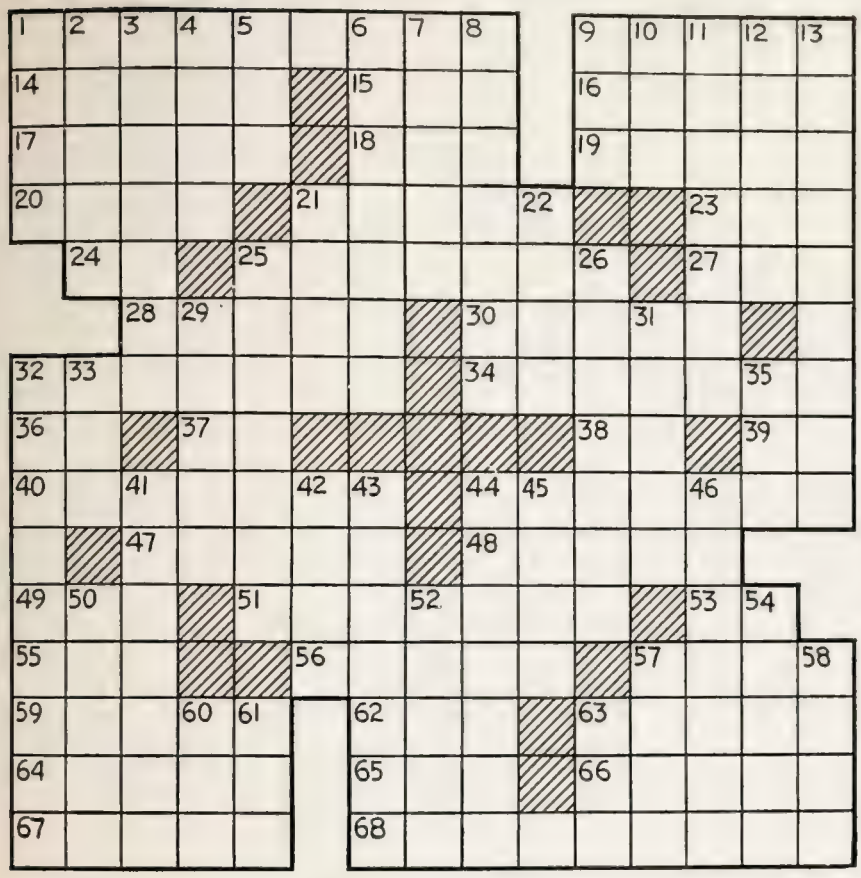
Gladys? Oh, *her*. Remember I told you that dame was a pusher? Well, if she didn't up and marry Pop!

THE END

Besides the regular price Liberty pays for each Short Short, an additional $1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short published in 1941; $500 for the second best; and extra bonuses of $100 each for the five next best.

COCKEYED CROSSWORDS

by Ted Shane

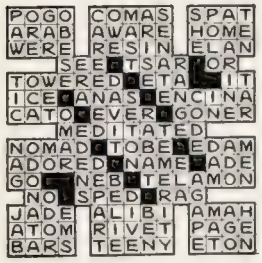


HORIZONTAL

1 These good souls gave the Heel the boot
9 Behind the eight-ball (two words)
14 It sure smells
15 Break this and have time on your hands
16 A pretty ankle, a pretty eye—'twill catch a husband by and by!
17 What a life this guy leads!
18 Industrial Necking Inthusiasts (abbr.)
19 The love that flourishes in California (pl.)
20 This is up in the air and people are always yelling about it
21 To fix it (Congress)
23 Three favorite expressions of any egotist
24 A bit of a laugh
25 This makes slow eating
27 A woman's beautiful understanding
28 Italian city, or the Italian army's favorite occupation
30 Quick, Hezzy, the smellin' salts! Maw's got one!
32 Trash (pig Latin)
34 The belle in belles-lettres; she usually gets her man in the end
36 3.1416
37 Fank 'oo, daddums!
38 Half of XII
39 Oral filling
40 Did a lot of exterior decorating (fem.)
44 Lightheaded women
47 Heat, followed by crushing
48 Kind of lend bill I'd favor for the Axis
49 Foul ball
51 They're hidden and I'd hate to get a plug from them
53 In short, that Dinsmore gal
55 The end of man
56 What Bing Crosby's horses haven't
57 A little change for Il Duce
59 Outhouses, dirt roads, farmers' daughters
62 The front of a pedestrian
63 This isn't so hot, but you can bear it
64 The island of hope
65 This is what you get for pulling a rib
66 Hit bottom
67 Mrs. Wharton's first name dolled up
68 Men whose mothers were frightened by merry-go-rounds

VERTICAL

1 Background of the American home
2 The 'Umble Pretender
3 Biblical symbol for Germany
4 Plices where cockneys 'ang their 'ats and call their cahstles
5 Utter
6 Sugar from an ex-sugar; matrimoney
7 Roosters with brass tonsils; they're on the house
8 Kind of impulse behind looting Paris, executing the Dutch, etc.
9 Part of to be (Katzenjammer)
10 Several directions in one (abbr.)
11 Don't blame sour milk on the milkman, blame it on these
12 Shaw, the Licorice-Stick Engineer
13 Don't blame those hats on your wife, blame them on these
21 The air at the opera—sometimes it's so terrible the singers scream!
22 Person with fat in cranium
25 The office boy's cross (pl.)
26 Jitry
29 Say
31 Learns in Brooklyn
32 Every year, though old and gnarly, she hangs out her spring bloomers in my yard (two words)
33 An English dub
35 Knobless knee
41 All of a sweat
42 Years and years of time
43 Ink-plunked, ink-plunked, ink-plunked—causing insomnia
44 A leech
45 Peer
46 This gal ran an old-time clip joint
50 Everything this family touched turned to this
52 Every one has a pet one he loves to hate
54 This bird usually gets rheumatism in only one leg
57 Cuts off
58 First traveling circus (pl.)
60 What the island did when it grew hungry
61 Limey Socks Hitler! (abbr.)
63 What Greek lovers do and do



Last week's answer

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

"I'm for a quick start, a fast finish and COOL SHAVES!"

● "I'm a judge of pace and a judge of lather—horse or shaving. And to every man who's losing time and skin in harsh, burning shaves I say: 'Switch to Ingram's cool, quick-action shaving cream!'

• • •

● "With Ingram's, shaving is just a breeze from start to finish. You get a flying start with a cloud of lather—cool, planned cool to condition your skin for shaving while it wilts your whiskers.

• • •

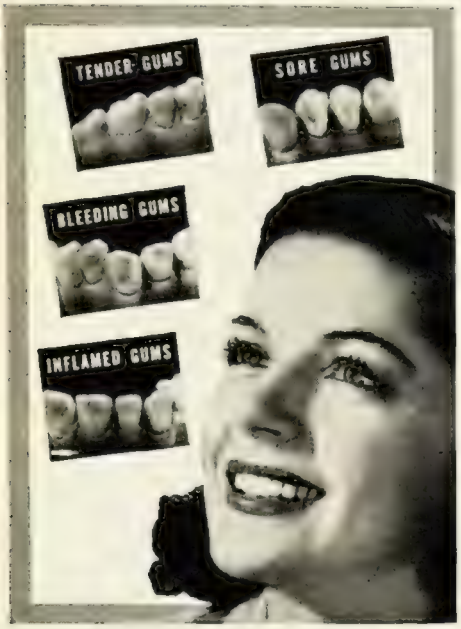
● "Ingram's makes the track fast for your razor. It glides along so smoothly that you shave minutes off your shaving time—and finish *cool*, refreshed, ready for the day's business or your evening date.

● "You can see in your girl's eyes how Ingram's increases your face value! No expensive lotions or tonics needed. Your skin is smooth and cool—and feels that way for hours. Warn off shaves that burn you! Get a tube or jar of Ingram's Shaving Cream—concentrated for economy—at your druggist's today!"

INGRAM'S

SHAVING CREAM

4 OUT OF 5
EVEN YOU MAY HAVE
GINGIVITIS



Often Leads to PYORRHEA—
To Shrinking Gums—Loosened Teeth

At this very moment YOU, yourself, may be a victim of Gingivitis and not know it. So beware of even *slightly* tender, bleeding gums! These are often signs of Gingivitis—a mild gum inflammation which attacks *thousands.* Neglect it—and ravaging Pyorrhea often follows—which only your dentist can help. It's wise to see him every 3 months for tooth and gum inspection. Then at home—

Help Guard Against Gingivitis
This Tested FORHAN Way

Massage your gums and brush your teeth twice daily with Forhan's Toothpaste. This Forhan method is one of the *very best* you can use, because:

1. It stimulates gums to be firmer, thus more able to ward off infection.
2. Brightens teeth to their natural sparkling brilliance.
3. Helps remove acid film that often starts tooth decay.

Forhan's costs no more than ordinary toothpastes. So why not enjoy its *advantages.* All drug and department stores. Week-end size at 10¢ stores.

use Forhan's with massage

FOR FIRMER GUMS—CLEANER TEETH

Start a Winning Entry Today in Liberty's
$2,000 Cash Prize
HISTORY OF OUR FLAG Quiz

YOU still have time to start a successful entry in this quiz contest which Liberty presents to familiarize Americans with the interesting story of the Star-Spangled Banner. You can enter direct from this page by setting down the answers to Quiz No. 5. That will get you started. You can then take advantage of the late-entry reprints and make up the ground you have lost. The big thing is to get started.

Please don't be embarrassed if you find that your knowledge of the flag of your country is not well rounded. Until they have done a bit of easy research, refreshed their memories on forgotten facts, and discovered additional information, few people seem to be up on this patriotic history. But thousands of folks will learn, through the interesting research involved in answering this quiz, what a wealth of historical lore is represented in the evolution of Old Glory. Join them now. And remember, your chance to win one of the cash prizes listed in Rule 7 is excellent!

Late-Entry Opportunity

For the convenience of readers who will enter the competition from this page and for any reason do not have the first four quizzes at hand, reprints have been prepared. If you require this material, mail your request to the contest address in Rule 8 and enclose ten cents in stamps to cover cost of handling and mailing. When you receive the reprints you can bring your entry even with the field. In the meantime watch for Quiz No. 6 in Liberty dated May 24, on sale May 14.

FLAGS OF AMERICAN LIBERTY CHART

To supplement this contest Liberty has arranged to supply Flags of American Liberty, a sixteen-by-twenty-inch chart showing in seven colors sixty-six of the flags which have flown over our land since 1000 A. D. Each has a brief description of the circumstances under which it was displayed. It is not required that you have a copy of this chart in order to compete. Your reference work may be done in any manner you select. However, possession of this beautiful chart, which is suitable for framing and worthy of an honored place in every home or school, will undoubtedly eliminate much additional research. Copies, shipped postpaid in a substantial mailing tube, are available for 25 cents in stamps or coin. Send your order to the address in Rule 8.

THE RULES

1 Each week for thirteen weeks, ending with the issue dated July 12, 1941, Liberty will publish a set of questions about the flag of the United States.

2 To compete, simply clip the coupon containing the questions, paste it at the top of a sheet of paper, and write the answers in numerical order underneath.

3 Do not send in answers until the end of the contest, when your set of thirteen question coupons and requisite answers is complete. Then enter them as a unit. Individual coupons and answers cannot be accepted.

4 Anyone, anywhere, may compete, except employees of Macfadden Publications and members of their families.

5 The judges will be the editors of Liberty, and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final.

6 Entries will be judged on the basis of the accuracy and logic of the answers submitted. Brevity will count. Use only sufficient words to state your answers clearly.

7 On this basis the best entry submitted will be awarded the $500 First Prize. The second, third, and fourth best entries will be awarded $250, $100, and $50 prizes, in that order. The five next best entries will receive $10 each, and the 210 next best will be awarded $5 each. In the event of ties, duplicate awards will be paid.

8 All entries must be submitted by first-class mail, addressed to Liberty, United States Flag Quiz Editor, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. No entry will be acknowledged or returned, nor can we enter into correspondence concerning any entry.

9 To be considered, entries must be postmarked not later than midnight, July 12, 1941, the closing date of this contest.

HISTORY OF OUR FLAG ★ QUIZ No. 5

A hill nigh the Rock where the Pilgrims made land,
And now where the tribute to battle doth stand,
Once echoed the shouts of the brave men in blue
Who marshaled at Concord and Lexington too,
When warfare for freedom was writ in the sky,
With freedom the cause for which freemen will die.

—HOWARD WISWALL BIBLE.

1. Identify the flag described in the above stanza.
2. What is the significance of each of the three colors of our flag?
3. Name two famous colonial flags bearing the rattlesnake device.
4. Name two famous colonial flags bearing the pine-tree device.
5. On which colonial flag did the stripe arrangement consist of seven white stripes and six red stripes?

Copyright, 1941, Howard W. Bible.

Katharine Hepburn and Grant in The Philadelphia Story.

BY FREDERICK LEWIS

The hottest thing on celluloid

A sparkling, revealing close-up of the heart and mind of Cary Grant

READING TIME • 7 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

ALL the girls want Cary Grant. When Carole Lombard signed to do a picture for RKO, she inserted a clause which said that if Cary did not play the male lead, the contract was "no dice." When Loretta Young agreed to do a picture for Columbia, she inserted a similar clause in her contract.

When Katharine Hepburn decided to stake her movie future on a comeback in The Philadelphia Story—well, you know what happened, even though M-G-M had to pay $137,500 to get Cary.

There is a nice story that goes with the last one.

Cary didn't want to do that picture. He had been working steadily and was tired. And money isn't the biggest thing in life to him. But he happens to like Katharine Hepburn, and he is all burned up over the way she has been treated by the motion-picture industry. He considers her not only "the most maligned woman in Hollywood history" but "a swell egg."

So he agreed to play in her comeback picture, but he wouldn't do it for money. The $137,500? That was fine. But he had the check made payable to British relief!

The fact that Cary's billing, by universal consent, was above Hepburn's and also above Jimmy Stewart's gives you an idea of how much wanted this Grant man is in Hollywood picture circles right now. As one observer puts it, "He is the hottest thing on celluloid."

And who is this debonair young man for whom almost every studio is holding up pictures from six months to a year until it can get him?

No new discovery, that's sure. Grant came to pictures some ten years ago with considerable reputation as a singer and a comedian. But Hollywood, running true to form, would neither let him sing nor "comede." Two factors entered into the situation.

Gary Cooper, the studio's pet heman, was more interested in hunting lions in Africa with Countess Dorothy di Frasso than he was in hunting fame in Hollywood. Meanwhile, at a rival studio, a big boy with big ears was beginning to click, and the ten-year treasure hunt for "another Clark Gable" was getting under way. Cary Grant was the first victim of both of these happenstances.

After watching Cary as Thelma Todd's gesturing javelin-throwing husband in This Is the Night, his bosses were sure he could replace Cooper—who wasn't, of course, the established star that he is today—and were hopeful that he might turn out to be the Gable pot o' gold. After Gary returned, Cary continued to get the Cooper parts when the latter's schedule became congested. Thus he fell heir to the lush role of Pinkerton opposite Sylvia Sidney in Madame Butterfly, and the Gable-esque role of Marlene Dietrich's protector and would-be husband in Blonde Venus.

After that came Mae West.

Cary liked playing with Mae, says that she is a grand person and that he learned a lot of his trade from her, especially the love-making part.

The pictures Cary was forced to do under his contract, after Mae went out of his life, were mostly run of the film until Katharine Hepburn rescued him by borrowing him for an honest-to-goodness character part in Sylvia Scarlett. The picture wasn't a success but Cary was, and on the strength of the momentum thus generated, he made the most important decision of his screen career: He would lead an honest free-lance life. When his long-term contract ran out in February, 1937, he refused to renew it.

Came Topper, with Constance Bennett. And what Topper began, The Awful Truth finished, and Bringing Up Baby polished off: to wit, the public's acceptance of Cary Grant as the screen's leading light comedian.

Within twelve months after he started as a free lance, he found himself where he has since remained, on the top of the Hollywood heap.

To look at the suave, polished, distinguished Cary of today, it is difficult to imagine him starting his theatrical career, as Chaplin did, as the juvenile member of a company of tumblers. But so it is, or was. Cary was born Archibald Alexander Leach, the son of a clothing manufacturer in Bristol, England. At fifteen, having perfected himself in handspringing and stilt walking, he ran away to be an acrobat.

With his fellow entertainers of the Bog Pender Troupe, he sailed for America to do an act in a Fred Stone show. After the Stone engagement, the troupe went into the Hippodrome in New York City, then home to Merrie England. But not Archie. He had got the delusion that what America most needed was more and

greater stilt walking. He was wrong. If Old Man Tilyou of Steeplechase Park at Coney Island hadn't hired him that summer as a high-altitude boardwalk sandwich man or shill, he would have had to eat his stilts.

But when autumn came, the stilt-walking market dropped with the leaves, and the young acrobat did a quick "ally-oop" back to London. There, to his surprise, he found himself possessed of considerable prestige as the result of his experience "on the stage" in New York.

He had little difficulty in landing small parts in London's better musical comedies, where he was sighted by an Arthur Hammerstein talent scout, who brought him again to America, this time to sing a juvenile lead in Golden Boy. Followed a series of similar engagements; tnen a season in opera with the St. Louis Repertoire Company; then a vacation trip to the Pacific Coast, a movie test, and a five-year contract.

The only thing the studio bosses didn't like about their new find was his name. So Archie Leach took a new name.

Cary's rise to the heights has come with a minimum of help from studio press agents, who have precious little time to spare for free-lance actors who are here today and there tomorrow. As for Cary himself, he has always been the despair of fan writers and newspaper columnists, for the simple reason that he "treats 'em nice and tells 'em nothin'."

Fan biographers have, therefore, been forced to fall back for their eye-stoppers on Cary's love life, which was, for the first few years, about as unproductive of copy as his conversation. He was seen often with Mary Brian. Then there were a couple of society girls, Bobby Cooper and Mabel Draper, with whom he was occasionally trapped by restaurant flashlight artists. Subsequently he and Mary Carlisle, then he and Ginger Rogers, were reportedly daily daters. But nothing came of it all until he up and married beauteously blonde Virginia Cherrill, a Carthage, Illinois, girl, who had sprung into big-time Hollywood by playing the poverty-stricken flower girl in Chaplin's City Lights.

She was no longer the poverty-stricken flower girl when Cary fell under her spell. She was the sophisticated ex-wife of a rich Chicagoan. She and Cary were about as well suited to each other as caviar and bread pudding.

Two years after the marriage came divorce.

Virginia consoled herself with the fabulously rich Earl of Jersey; and as for Cary, his girls broke out like a rash all over Hollywood, and came to a head, so to speak, in the lovely Phyllis Brooks, then a promising starlet at Twentieth-Century Fox and now a success on Broadway. The usual rumors of marriage spread, but to no end. Cary's name is now linked with Barbara Hutton's.

Actually, Grant's private life is just about as different from the public accounts of it as could possibly be imagined. His best friend is, and always has been, Randy Scott. Until the brief Cherrill period, they kept house together at Santa Monica, where Cary, a beach hound, still lives. When Grant got out of marital confinement, he found his old pal Scott serving a brief term for the same offense. But now they have re-achieved their old bachelor solidarity.

That Cary may shatter it again with Countess Barbara is, of course, a possibility.

Meanwhile he is as much sought after socially as he is professionally —which must give the former Archie Leach a good laugh.

Since his glittering success, Hollywood "intellectuals" have taken up the ex-acrobat in a big way. Itinerant compatriots like Gertie Lawrence and Noel Coward also have discovered in the erstwhile stilt walker a nimble-witted foeman worthy of their vaunted intellectual steel.

Even Hollywoodites who do not pretend to be intellectual enjoy the company of this natural, human, good-looking man in his early thirties who, in spite of his success, is quite devoid of pretense.

I can't say that this sudden popularity in quarters north by east has changed Cary much. Naturally he is more sure of himself, more poised. But he has the same easy manner, the same cheerful disposition, the same ready laugh, and the same warm understanding smile which has made everybody who ever knew him, no matter how slightly, say, "He's a nice guy!"

THE END

READING TIME • 2 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

Pomp and Circumstance

Liberty's True Short Short by Hiram W. Warder

IT was during the era between the first and second World Wars when all the nations indulged in sending representatives to each other on visits of courtesy and good will. Naval units called at foreign ports in traditional and time-honored pageants of pomp and splendor.

Uncle Sam's midshipmen sailed from Annapolis to Europe on their annual summer cruise. The battle wagons of the midshipmen's practice squadron rode majestically at anchor in the sparkling Bay of Naples. Suddenly the boatswain's mates sounded their pipes and passed an order from the admiral: "The uniform for officers is white service and side arms; for midshipmen, white service; for enlisted men, dress whites. Saluting gun crew, stand by. Fall in, the marine guard, at the starboard gangway. Side boys and the band, stand by. All hands man the rail in twenty minutes." All the pomp of the great United States Navy was being mustered to receive the Commissionaire Extraordinaire, personal representative of the King of Italy and Il Duce.

Soon the tars scrambled up on deck. The command, "Attention!" was sounded. A trim, official-looking motorboat approached the flagship. The saluting guns boomed thirteen times as the boat came alongside. A plump, swarthy little man, looking uncomfortable in afternoon clothes, trudged wide-eyed and startled up the gangway. The face of the guest was a big confused smile as he stepped, gaping, on to the deck. The boatswain's mate blew his pipe, and the visitor sidled slowly past the side boys. First two ruffles and flourishes and then the Flag Officer's March were played by the band.

The admiral, in his grandest dignity, stepped forward. "Your Excellency, it is an honor to welcome you."

The guest was bubbling in ecstasy. With all his masculine fervor he planted a kiss on the admiral's cheek. Then, with a terrific accent, "Signor Admiral, my papa and grandpapa, too, hadda my job. Never did any of us getta so greata, fina honor. The American Navy, he is wonderful. Signor, I havva the honor to aska permission to collecta your garbage while you are here."

With supreme force of will the admiral recovered his equilibrium and gallantly replied, "Sir, I have the honor to grant your request. Please excuse me now. I have a headache and would like to lie down."

THE END

This MAN'S ARMY

CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

This department of Liberty is for the armed forces of the United States: the men in training, the men of the Regular Army, the Navy, the Marine Corps, and the Coast Guard—also their kinsfolk and friends. The identity of writers will be held in strict confidence, of course, though full signatures are preferred.

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

THIS letter is not a mere complaint. I want to present an issue of major importance without exaggeration or insincerity. I and thousands like me, men in their late twenties, enlisted voluntarily for three years in the Regular Army. We did so after what we thought was due deliberation, but now we have concluded that we were wrong. We are quite willing to serve for *one* year, as any young man with love for his country should, but we do not want to make a career of the Army. To give it three years at this point in our lives would be to impair seriously our chances of successful civilian careers.

What can we do? The only means of correcting a costly error . . . that of purchasing discharge . . . has been suspended and is denied us. Are our futures to be jeopardized because of an error born of impulse, faulty judgment, and the pressure of events? Is the present crisis so severe that our services *must* be retained longer than those of a draftee? I *like* the Army life, believe it or not, but that's a minor matter.

Private B. G. F.,
Langley Field, Va.

From *your* point of view you have something there. But you voluntarily entered into a contract which you must fulfill, not only legally but also as an honorable man. The "cancellation clause" of that contract is no longer in effect because your government feels that the present emergency is too serious to permit the contract to be torn up because you have changed your mind. I don't doubt that the privilege of purchasing discharge will be reinstated if and when it can be done without endangering the safety and security of the nation. Until that time, you will have to carry on and make the best of it. And how do you know that your civilian future is jeopardized by three years of Army service? Isn't it possible that you may be better off for it?

Here's a laugh. I enlisted in the Air Corps on November 16, 1940. A few days ago I received a card from the draft board in my home town telling me to report for physical examination . . . and warning me that one of the penalties for failure to report would be immediate induction into military service. I sort of thought I *was* in; at least, there are a lot of other men here dressed the same way I am. Could it be I'm such a good soldier that they want me in the army twice? Or what?

Private M. B. M.,
Chanute Field, Ill.

That's a laugh, all right. Your local draft board must know you . . . and is taking no chances.

My own doctor tells me that I am in excellent physical condition, but my eyes are not up to scratch and I must wear glasses to drive a car and for work. Now, why can't they use me in the Army? Every enlisted and drafted man doesn't shoulder a gun, does he?

R. L. H., Buffalo, N. Y.

How do you know they can't use you in the Army? If your vision is no worse than 20/100 in each eye without glasses and can be corrected to 20/40 bilateral (either eye) with glasses, you should have no difficulty on that score. You can enlist if you don't want to wait for induction.

Several families here who have boys in Fort McClellan, Alabama, have received complaints about prices at their post exchange. The boys write that prices are on a civilian level, or higher, instead of lower as they should be. You probably know that many manufacturers are willing to quote lower-than-usual prices so that the merchandise can be sold to the men cheaply and yet with a fair margin of profit. Why don't you go to the mat with those in authority? . . . the boys can't.

G. H. T., Syracuse, N. Y.

This is the last letter of its sort I intend to print. Let's get the thing straight. Post exchanges are not run for private profit. Each is a community store, owned jointly by all men at the post, operated under the supervision of the commanding officer and the post exchange officer, entirely in the interest of the men. Any profits go back to the men in the shape of expenditures for recreational activities, furnishing of organization day rooms, and other similar benefits. I know that there has been a lot of misunderstanding about the ownership and operation of post exchanges, and I hope this will clear it up once and for all.

With all the arguments about the right name for the new-vintage doughboys, have you heard what the young squirts are calling us old-timers of '17-'19? Metal men, Sarge—metal men! Why? On account of they say we got silver in our hair, gold in our teeth, and lead in our pants. I smack 'em down when I hear that, but I can't help snickering, because they're right.

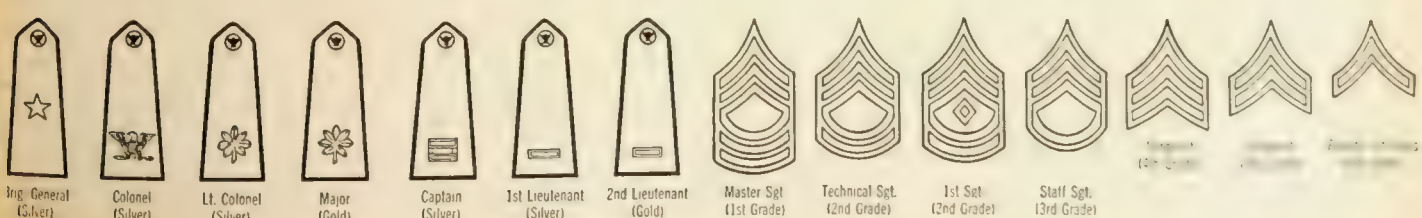
S'long, Old Sarge.

Another Old Sarge,
Decatur, Ill.

I suppose this will sound like a silly question to every man in the Army, but there must be millions of civilians like me who are confused by the chevrons and insignia worn by soldiers. I'd like to know who's who and be able to tell a corporal from a sergeant and a lieutenant from a colonel. Where can I find out?

Puzzled, St. Louis, Mo.

That's a good question and you'll find the answer at the bottom of this page. In addition to those shown, there are three higher ranking generals with two, three, and four stars, and other sergeants' stripes, but I couldn't squeeze them in.



SURPRISE FOR Mary Jones!

Robert Cummings and Jean Arthur in The Devil and Miss Jones.

BY BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME • 5 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT 2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR 0 STAR—VERY POOR

★ ★ ★ ½ THE DEVIL AND MISS JONES

THE PLAYERS: Jean Arthur, Robert Cummings, Charles Coburn, Edmund Gwenn, Spring Byington, S. Z. Sakall, William Demarest, Walter Kingsford, Montagu Love, Richard Carle, Charles Waldron, Edwin Maxwell, Edward McNamara, Robert Emmett Keane, Florence Bates Charles Irwin, Matt McHugh, Julie Warren, George Watts, Ilene Brewer. Screen play by Norman Krasna. Directed by Sam Wood. Produced by RKO Radio. Running time, 92 minutes.

SUPPOSE you were a department-store employee and you befriended a funny old fellow, a helpless dear, who came to work in the bedroom-slipper section of your shoe department in the bargain basement. Suppose you loaned him fifty cents for his first luncheon, helped him with kindly advice on how to sell to querulous matrons—and the strange old fellow turned out to be the mysterious store owner as well as one of the world's wealthiest men. You'd be a little — shall we say? — nonplused. Mary Jones was, I assure you.

Old Merrick has been annoyed by the rumors of a militant employees' organization created to get better hours and better recompense. So he has gone into the store to spy—but he remains to be conquered. You would, too, if Jean Arthur took over your salesmanship education. Charles Coburn is the Devil, otherwise the masquerading millionaire.

Maybe the education of capital by labor is a little radical for some customers. But the yarn is told humanly, brightly, with a kindly humor, plus some excellent acting. There are several pleasant minor performances, too, as, for instance, S. Z. Sakall's long-suffering butler to the Devil, and Spring Byington as a sentimental elderly saleswoman. The direction has charm and lift, even if the comedy does taper down at the end.

Here's film fun about a girl and a millionaire

VITAL STATISTICS: When Veteran Actor Charles Coburn first hit New York—a lad of nineteen from Savannah, Georgia—he got a job as shipping clerk (ten dollars a week) at Altman's, then at Sixth Avenue and Twenty-eighth Street. And lost it after the Christmas rush was over. That was in 1898. . . . Norman Krasna, who wrote The Devil and Miss Jones, is a graduate of Macy's basement. He worked in the paint department. Got $22.50 a week.

★ ★ ½ THE GREAT LIE

THE PLAYERS: Bette Davis, George Brent, Mary Astor, Lucile Watson, Hattie McDaniel, Grant Mitchell, Jerome Cowan, Charles Trowbridge, Thurston Hall, Russell Hicks, Virginia Brissac, Olin Howland, J. Farrell Macdonald, Addison Richards, Sam McDaniel. Screen play by Lenore Coffee from a novel by Polan Banks. Directed by Edmund Goulding. Produced by Warner Brothers. Running time, 107 minutes.

ANY Bette Davis picture has above-the-average interest, but this, your Beverly Hills regrets to report, is disappointing. Built around a trick dramatic situation growing out of a bizarre bargain, it flounders badly.

Pete Van Allen forgets his childhood sweetheart, plunges into a "party" marriage with an exotic, selfish, celebrated concert pianiste. Then, after an alcoholic honeymoon, Pete finds that his "bride's" divorce decree was not final—and he really isn't married at all. So he rushes to the girl back home and marries her. After which he goes on an exploration flight and his plane vanishes in the Brazilian jungles.

Then it develops that Sandra, the pianiste, is to have a baby. Maggie, now Mrs. Van Allen, arranges a substantial settlement on the musician, in return for which she is to get the child. The two women, hating each other, spend months in an isolated desert ranch house awaiting the stork. It's this situation, with a man's two women glaring at each other across an empty, waiting crib, that the film tries to build into big drama. The picture drags, strains hard to build up its big situation, never achieves real poignancy.

Maggie isn't altogether a happy role for Miss Davis, in fact your Beverly Hills thinks that Mary Astor shades her a bit as the selfish lady of the ivory keys. George Brent is the gent both women fight for.

VITAL STATISTICS: Bette Davis recently remodeled and refurnished her 100-year-old farmhouse at Sugar Hill, New Hampshire, even hung the curtains in the kitchen herself. Bette loves New England, was born there, at Lowell, Massachusetts, attended Cushing Academy. . . . Hattie McDaniel, the colored actress who always walks away with a hit, says she's writing the story of her life.

Short Review:

★ ½ **MODEL WIFE** (Universal). J. J. Benson, a tyrannical old woman, rules her exclusive dress shop with a ruthless hand. The employees are so terrorized that J. J.'s secretary and the company's young publicity man do not dare admit that they're married. Thus all sorts of things happen when J. J.'s incorrigible son comes to work for mama. A mild affair, with Dick Powell and Joan Blondell doing the publicist and the secretary. (78 minutes.)

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★ ★ ★ ★—Meet John Doe, Pépé Le Moko, Kitty Foyle, The Philadelphia Story, Escape, The Long Voyage Home, Arise, My Love.

★ ★ ★ ½—That Hamilton Woman! A Girl, a Guy and a Gob, Tobacco Road, Cheers for Miss Bishop, So Ends Our Night, Mr. and Mrs. Smith, This Thing Called Love, Comrade X, Chad Hanna, Fantasia, The Letter, The Great Dictator, The Thief of Bagdad.

★ ★ ★—Pot o' Gold, The Sea Wolf, That Night in Rio, I Wanted Wings, Road to Zanzibar, That Uncertain Feeling, Back Street, The Lady Eve, Come Live with Me, Hudson's Bay, Santa Fe Trail, High Sierra, Go West, Second Chorus, Arizona, Tin Pan Alley, Blackout, The Mark of Zorro, Night Train, They Knew What They Wanted, World in Flames, Knute Rockne—All American, Third Finger, Left Hand, Angels over Broadway, Christmas in July.

something here. You will let me speak to Dr. Alberts, won't you?"

"Sure," he said. "Anything to help the kid—anything."

"Peter, wouldn't you be better off coming out and having something to eat? Even a cup of coffee?"

He shook his head. "Perhaps later. They said they would send for me in about twenty minutes."

"I'll wait with you and drive you home," she said. "Let's go out where we can have a cigarette."

They stood in the vestibule and lit cigarettes silently. She wondered if Horry had reached his hospital by now, and if he were waiting alone in intense suspense for information about Magda. She wondered if Magda would recognize him and be glad that he came. . . . Pretty soon now Lili would have to call her mother and tell her the news. She felt a smile on her lips. How unimportant all that was in the face of this bigger tragedy—the life of a child. Why had she cried all the way home about it? Pride? The humiliation of facing all that calling off a wedding would mean? Or merely the feminine wound of realizing that she couldn't top another woman in Horry's life?

She glanced up at Peter. Perhaps her own news might distract him. . . .

"You know what happened to me tonight?" she said.

"Something happened?" He was obviously urging himself to concentrate on her words.

"Well, you must have noticed I had been crying."

He shrugged. "I guess I thought that was just over Peggy. Want to tell me about it?"

"Yes," she said—"and any minute now I have to tell the whole world about it. You see, I've been jilted."

"You—what?"

"Yes; isn't it funny? That's the first thing I did when Horry told me. I laughed like the village idiot."

"What do you mean, when he told you?" Peter said. "The wedding is within a few days, isn't it?"

"Yes," she said; "in a few days. And he told me this evening—quits!"

SUDDENLY she held up her hands. "Look," she said. "I even forgot to give him back his ring. Remind me, Peter, won't you, to send him back his ring?"

He said: "Lili, you're more shaken up than you think you are."

"Well, of course," she admitted. "You don't go around deciding to marry people without its being serious. I wasn't madly in love with Horace, but I did make the decision after waiting around months not knowing my own mind. I'm not really shaken up, except it's a mess. Wait till I tell mother. She'll have hysterics."

"Want to know something, Lili?" he said. And his voice had lost the high-pitched strain of grief, so absorbed had he become in their new topic. "Now that it's totally unnecessary, I got frightfully noble a day or so ago and bought you a wedding present."

"You didn't, Peter. Not another bonbon dish!"

"No," he said. "It was a very special present, Lili, and I'm afraid you can't send it back, because I even had it monogrammed. Besides—I want you to keep it."

After a moment she said tremulously: "This is my night for crying, I guess."

He patted her on the shoulder.

"Surely there must be some word by now," he decided suddenly, and putting out his cigarette, he went back into the hospital.

She stood for quite some time and watched the rain. Her talk with Peter had comforted her greatly. She thought back to the morning that they had quarreled down in her grape arbor, when he had been so frightfully angry that she should have suspicions about him and her mother, and he had slapped her. He had told her that if she was waiting for him to speak, her engagement would never be broken. She had set the date with Horace that day with a sort of exultant martyrdom. Why is it we can't know until retrospect when we are being fools?

When she became tired of standing, she went down and got into her car. She was aware then that there was blood on the back seat—little Peggy's blood—and a great deal of mud all over the upholstery. She shrugged. There was no use trying to clean it now. . . .

IT was over an hour before Peter appeared in the doorway, and instantly she started the motor and drove up to the steps. He climbed in silently and sat beside her. From what she could see of his face, it was very grim and set. He lit a cigarette and sighed. Then he said, "You were a peach to wait."

"How bad is it?" she asked.

"They really can't tell," he said. "She's still unconscious. They can't do much until she comes out of it, and the coma may last many hours. They don't seem to want me to stay there and I don't suppose it would do any good."

As they turned out of the driveway, she said to him, "Want to come over to my house? Old Sawyer will fix us a bite."

"I'm not what you would call company," he said.

"No; but you need it, or am I wrong?"

"For once you're not wrong," he said. "It's going to be a terrible night. Let me stop by and give Mrs. Robbins what word I have. She must be distracted by now. She keeps blaming herself, and of course it wasn't her fault."

"She takes wonderful care of little Peggy."

"You bet. I just had quite a talk with Dr. Alberts—and by the way, your name *did* mean a great deal. He was telling me they have a marvelous way, nowadays, of handling a severe concussion of the brain. They learned it during the war, evidently. As I understand it, they inject glucose into the veins and give the patient absolutely no liquid until all the water that has gathered at the injured spot has been absorbed by the body. It's a torturous process for the patient, but he says it always works."

"I have great trust in Dr. Alberts," Lili said.

"Oh, I have trust in him, too, just from talking to him. And I'll hand it to him, he offered to send for a specialist. He may have to, yet. The awful part of it is the suspense. He says Peggy may be unconscious all tomorrow and even longer. They never can tell, and evidently there is very little they can do, or dare to do, until the patient is conscious."

LILI said, as she wheeled into her own driveway, "Did I hear somebody on the street say it was your birthday?"

"Tomorrow is. That's what the poor kid had gone out for. Her present was in her coat pocket." His voice went rusty. "I found it. . . . It was a package of drawing pencils."

Lili caught her breath, glad of their arrival as a distraction. The garage doors were opened and the lights were on. As Lili drove in, Old Sawyer came out the back entrance of the house, into the garage. His face was a cartoon of outrage.

"You might let me know where you are, you black angel, you!" he stormed. "Your mother's been calling and calling, and then the next thing, Gorry Bleakers calls up and wants to know if you're back from the hospital. Mr. Higgins, I'm mighty sorry to hear what happened. Will the child be all right?"

Peter said: "Sawyer, you once told me you believed in prayer. Say a prayer for the kid now, will you?"

"Sawyer," said Lili, "what do you think? I've been jilted." Lili pulled off her gloves and, with a little winding gesture, took off her engagement ring.

"All this work you've been going through, Sawyer—all the fever and excitement for next Sunday—none of it necessary!"

Sawyer threw up his hands in an alleluia gesture.

"Praise be. Praise be! Congratu*la*tions, Miss Lili! Come in and we'll celebrate."

She laughed and absent-mindedly handed him the ring.

"And the Queen Bee doesn't know about it yet?" prodded Old Sawyer with breathless excitement.

"No, mother doesn't know a thing."

"Look!" Old Sawyer's voice quavered as he stopped them short in the hall. "I've done a lot of things for you in my day, Miss Lili. A lot of

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things. Do me a favor now and let me tell her the news."

"All right," Lili laughed. "Come in and we'll listen. Come, Peter; this ought to be good. And, Sawyer, we're starved, as usual."

There *was* something about the house as they entered, and she knew instantly why she had headed with blind haste to get home. This was the only home she had ever really known. It was Gran's home, really, but since the age of six it had sheltered what bawling, giggling, fears, and dreams had gone to make up her life. Its incense was part of her, and every familiar dish and vase, table and hearthstone was dear to her. At the moment the house was unkempt with confusion, with Gran's study turned into a showroom for all the wedding gifts. There were mounds of mail in the silver dish on the piano, and upstairs she knew there was even more confusion, right down to the white lace gown which was to have been written up in the papers as the gown Gran had worn.

Lili threw out her arms at the disarray, and turned to Peter.

"Look!" she cried. "Look, Peter, at all the booty that will have to go back, and look at the new ones that have just arrived and I haven't even opened. I wonder if yours is here."

"I can tell in a minute," Peter said, and went over to the heap of unopened boxes just inside Gran's study. He bent over to examine them, and in the mirror, while she was fixing her hair, Lili watched him.

"Yes, here it is," he said, and brought out a package. But at that moment Old Sawyer, at the hall telephone, had successfully reached Mrs. Kettridge.

MRS. KETTRIDGE, this is Sawyer," he said portentously. He seemed to taste every word and take extra time to savor them. "Yes, she's home, and she'll talk to you in a few minutes. She just got in. . . . No, she's safe and sound, only—she wants me to tell you there won't be no wedding on Sunday." He paused, and a look of indescribable impish pleasure festooned his wrinkled face.

"That's all. There just won't be no wedding on Sunday." He held the phone a little way from his ear, and they could hear Mrs. Kettridge's high-pitched tones, though they couldn't distinguish the words.

"Now you wait just a minute, madam," he said finally, "and I'll get her here to explain it herself. No, she ain't crying. No, she seems fine. In fact, her and I are going to celebrate." He stood up and took a deep breath and, with a slight bow, handed the telephone to Lili. He ambled off into the kitchen.

"Yes, mother, it's true," Lili sighed when she had heard her mother's chain of questions. "Your daughter is jilted. . . . Well, I don't think you know the people, but you may have read of an airplane crash out near Pittsburgh today. It seems that Horry's first love was on that plane, and very badly hurt. He's gone to her, that's all. . . . No; he said he wouldn't want to come back. The wedding's off. He said we could make up any story we want."

She could almost have written the first part of her mother's speech.

"It's an outrage, it's fantastic," Lillian Kettridge stormed. "Where is he? I want to call him up and talk to him. I'll flay him! And I suppose you didn't put up any fuss at all. I suppose you just took it . . ."

MOTHER, listen," Lili interrupted. "There's no use sputtering. It was a shock at first—much more than I realized—but now I'm glad. I'm sorry for you, because I'm back on your hands, I guess; but I will just go back to college, and that's that. Now, why don't you think it over and call me back? You will have to tell me how we call off a wedding, because I've never done it before. When are you coming home?"

"Well, I was coming Friday," Mrs. Kettridge said, and her voice sounded so deflated that Lili was sorry for her. "I don't see how I can make it any sooner, if then. It's difficult to explain, but I'm up to my eyes with things myself. To tell you the truth, Lili, I haven't been feeling very well lately."

"I rather guessed that, mother. Is there anything I can do?"

"No; I have been seeing a doctor here. Yes, you're right, dear. I'll think things over and calm down a bit. I'll call you back in a little while."

Lili hung up and shrugged. She walked in to where Peter had been busily not listening.

"You would really think Horace had jilted *her*," Lili said. "Poor mother! She never wanted to have children. Most of my life she successfully dodged me, but I have been enough trouble to her this summer to give her a phobia."

"She hasn't the slightest idea," Peter said thoughtfully, "how much managing you would take."

Lili glanced at him. He didn't seem serious, yet he was certainly not in a flirtatious mood. She called out to Sawyer.

"I'm as filthy as the city dump," she said self-consciously. "Sawyer, get Peter a dry shirt and stuff, will you? We'll meet back here when we are halfway immaculate."

She hastened upstairs, stripped and took a shower. All her old garments were in the small closet off the sleeping porch. Her own closet, which she opened now, was an array of trousseau costumes. She took out a gold-and-white housecoat.

She brushed out her hair and tied a ribbon around it, rather than take the time to fuss with its proper dressing. She wondered, as she put on her make-up, how ill her mother really was, and how she managed to look so fresh, to take interest in so many things and people—and did she find it worth the effort?

As she went down the stairs, Peter in the hallway was finishing a telephone conversation with the hospital.

"No news," he said dully.

It was better not to look at him, because he was so lovable in Old Sawyer's shirt from which his long arms stuck out awkwardly, and which he had to leave open at the neck. It amazed her that, wearing ninety dollars' worth of a gold-and-white housecoat, she had caused no impression, but that he in a borrowed shirt which made him look comical caused her heart to swell.

"Never mind, boy," Old Sawyer's voice said behind them. He was carrying a tray in one hand and a silver ice bucket in the other, and preceded them into the living room. "The prayers are said, Higgins, and no news is good news. I got the champagne just iced enough by now."

"Champagne?" echoed Lili.

"Why, certainly. You ain't jilted every night in the week, are you?"

He popped the cork and filled three glasses. He put one old hand on Peter's shoulder as he handed him his glass.

"There's nothing but grief in this world," Old Sawyer said. "Let's swallow it."

Peter nodded and smiled, and the three sipped solemnly.

SAWYER," said Lili, "were you ever in love?"

"No, thank heaven," said Old Sawyer. "There's some people, you know, it just never hits, and I was one of the lucky ones."

"Sawyer," Lili said again, "did you know that my mother and father are still in love with each other?"

"Sure," he said. "I've always known that. Everybody in the world knew that except your Gran. She pretty well ruined the marriages of all her children, but she thought she was doing right. Drink up, drink up—there's nothing but grief."

Peter poured himself a second glass and picked up a chicken sandwich.

Old Sawyer made a little face and put down his glass.

"There's somebody coming into my kitchen," he complained. "I can smell them. Just let me have a moment's pleasure—even such a great occasion as the end of Horry Rumford—and some one will come to spoil it."

As Sawyer left the room, the telephone rang, and instinctively Peter turned toward it with a hint of fear in his face. But when Lili answered, it was her mother.

Lili was beautiful to watch as she talked with Mrs. Kettridge. Her little face was at first obediently attentive; a look that was a characteristic charm of hers from her long years of listening to Gran. Then into her eyes crept a tender patience; quite plainly she was reminding herself of this woman's own heartaches and frustrations. Suddenly there was a look of blank horror and consternation, and then a rather determined light in her eyes.

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"No, mother, I won't do it," Peter heard Lili say. "I simply won't do it. . . . No, mother; it won't do any good to let me think it over. I won't do it. And that's final. . . . I know I must be a trial. . . . No, I don't know of any better way. Let's let it go at that for the time being. . . . Yes, dear, I'll call you later."

She hung up and pushed back her hair angrily as she walked back into the room.

"What in the name of all that's sane do you think my mother wants me to do?" she demanded. "I *dare* you to guess."

Peter smiled and shook his head.

"She told me to go over to the hospital and take a room." Lili picked up her champagne glass and laughed. "She told me to tell Dr. Alberts to name me up a nice disease and keep me there. And the wedding will be called off because of my illness!"

"Your mother has great talent."

"So all I have to do is go to the hospital and stay in hiding, and mother will hire a corps of people to cancel the invitations, make the explanations, return the gifts, and do everything but pay the bills. I won't do it," she stormed. "I just won't do it! You know what I'm going to do? I'm going to sit down and write my own canceling of invitations."

She flounced herself down at the great corner desk and pushed aside a conglomeration of papers and envelopes. From a cubbyhole she took a fresh sheet and, dipping a pen, she wrote firmly with large, angry strokes.

PETER edged near, and, at a glance from her that was permission, he read over her shoulder:

"Due to an accident in which Mrs. Pell (Bugs) Dourbon was widowed and injured, my wedding next Sunday is called off, as my intended groom is devoted to her."

"There!" she said, and shoved it in front of her to gaze at it. "That's telling them. And down in one corner where you usually put 'R. S. V. P.' I shall put 'Draw Your Own Conclusions.' Now, after all, isn't that saner? Or am I being what you call a fevered female?"

"Have a sandwich," said Peter.

She got up and selected a chicken sandwich. She bit into it fiercely.

"Ah," she said, as she caught sight of the box Peter had brought out from the study. "Wait. I want to see your present. Lend me your penknife, Peter."

He opened the package for her himself. Then he stood back, hands in his pockets, watching her, and she realized there was a special meaning in his close scrutiny. She parted wads of shredded white paper and took out a rather large and fairly heavy silver piece. Her eyes were on it, examining every detail, while her hands took out its mate. They were book ends—silver stirrups.

Her hands touched them gently—as if to make sure of them—before she looked up at him.

"Peter—did you do it to make me angry?"

"Would it have made you angry, Lili?"

"Not now. But I am sure they would have. Furious."

Her lips quivered and her eyes filled with tears. He went over to her and said, "I only did it to be sure you would never forget."

When she didn't answer, he put his hand on her shoulder and said, "Lili, darling—"

But she turned around swiftly, drawing away from his touch with the pride of something wounded.

"There are times, Peter," she said, and picked up her champagne glass, "when I am sure you're just an unfevered male."

He didn't in the least understand her; that was plain. She turned back to the champagne self-consciously, and was very grateful at a noise in the outer room. Rather excitedly she called, "Come, on, Sawyer! Join us."

BUT Sawyer, when he appeared, had forgotten any mood of celebration. His face was frightened. Behind him stalked Officer Bleakers, and one look at him was enough to make you understand why people were afraid of the law.

"Miss Kettridge," said Bleakers bluntly, "I'm afraid I have to put you under arrest."

"Me?" She frowned, stunned. "What are you talking about?"

"I'm talking about hit-and-run driving, that's what. About driving under the influence, too. I had my own suspicions from the start. I was called on another case, but as soon as I was finished I came up here and gave your car a going over."

Lili put down her champagne glass and rested one hand against the table for support.

"You mean—*my* car—hit little Peggy?"

"You know it did," snapped Officer Bleakers.

"Oh, no!" she cried, and looked wildly from one to the other. "No . . . it didn't! . . . I couldn't . . ."

"You drove past your corner and then turned around and came back and offered help, didn't you?" said Bleakers.

"What makes you—*think* I hit her?" Lili managed brokenly.

"Don't have to think," said Bleakers. "Old Sawyer watched me give your car the going over. I found these threads in the joints of the fender—the *left* fender. That would be the side of the road you hit her on before you turned around and came back. These threads are off that child's coat. I know. I saw that coat, and I saw that it was torn."

And so, once more, Lili's world tumbles about her—but this catastrophe is the worst! Did she really hit Peggy? And will Peter ever believe that she didn't deliberately drive on, leaving the child unconscious? The story proceeds swiftly, dramatically, in Liberty next week.

Does dramaturgy beguile you?
Here's food for your thought

If you are writing a Play

BY

GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

READING TIME • 9 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

HAVING some weeks ago indited a series of suggestions as to what novice playwrights should not do in their quest of critics' and audiences' favor and having been whimsically apprised by a number of them that they would never get to eat caviar through any such negative advice, I today clear my throat and impertinently undertake to intimate to them some of the things they should do.

Let us first approach the matter of various themes.

No. 1, the Napoleon play, next to the play about Christ and the one about Lincoln a chief favorite among the hopefuls. Since Napoleon has already been pretty well done to death on the stage, both dramatic and musical, and since about the only hope, if any, is to approach the subject as it has not dramatically been approached before, I suggest that the ambitious tyro get hold of and read Filson Young's short story of many years ago treating of Bonaparte as a young, romantic boy. There is an idea of sorts there—a rather charming idea—and it may possibly send the tyro's fancy off in a new and likely direction. At its worst, it would offer some diversion from the general stage spectacle of a five-foot-three actor with a Della Fox curl and with a sofa pillow under his belt meandering with dejected head through three or four acts, feeling his umbilicus through his vest, and comporting himself for the most part as if Madame Sans Gêne had never existed, as if the Countess Walewska had been a hideous pie-face, and as if the ghost of the Duc d'Enghien were ever assiduously worrying his coattails.

No. 2, the President play. For some reason, about the only Presidents of the United States most playwrights, young and old, ever seem to have heard of are Washington and Lincoln, with maybe here and there a hint of Andrew Jackson. Our drama has accordingly given us a surplusage of Georges and Abes, and to a sufficient degree Andys, and about all that the stage can do for them appears to have been done. So it might be a good idea for the young playwright to forget his projected opus about one of them—you may be pretty sure it is already in the works—and fix his talents upon some other occupant of the White House. I can think of none better and none who offers more inspiring dramatic material than Grover Cleveland.

There, boys, was and is a character for you ready-made for drama if ever there was one! Read Paul Leicester Ford's The Honorable Peter Stirling, the tale of the Buffalo days, for a starter, then study closely Grover's career as chief executive of the nation, then go to work. His story is literally bursting with stage materials: the fat bachelor taking to wife the delicately beautiful Frances Folsom in the White House; the garterless old white socks falling down over his size-twelve brogans, cocked lazily on his White House desk, as he challenges England to lay off in Venezuela or, by God, the American navy will see to it that she does (cheers from the gallery); the defeat and re-election; the battle against cancer and the carrying on with an artificial jaw made of vulcanized rubber; the whopping fish stories, worthy of Saroyan's Kit Carson, with which he was given to interrupting dull cabinet sessions, to say nothing of too august foreign diplomats; the Falstaffian jug of rum under the desk; the very great and very lovable man beneath and above it all—what a grand opportunity! I'll also offer a suggestion as to the casting of the role. There would be no actor more ideally suited to it than Sydney Greenstreet. So get busy.

No. 3, the play of married life. This one, as we commonly get it, pursues one of three courses. In the first, trouble between the husband and wife is brought on through the circumstance that either one or the other is enamoured of some one else. In the second, surroundings—usually interpreted in terms of gin-swillers and wisecrackers of indifferent morals—contrive to separate the pair, who are ultimately reunited either by the husband's kicking the gang out and taking his wife to the theoretically tranquil countryside, or by their small daughter, who is miserable and lonely—the other school children taunt her about having no mama and papa to look out for her—or by both. In the third, either the husband is a drunkard and odious to his wife, or the wife develops into a shrew who drives the husband to seek sanctuary in the arms of some gentle, understanding woman or in Bali.

There are other variations, to be sure, but most of them follow more or less equally conventional tracks. Twenty-odd years ago, in a small manual called A Book Without a Title, I wrote a couple of paragraphs that may hint at a somewhat fresher and slightly more rational and realistic slant on the general theme of marital dissolution. I quote them:

"They could not understand why he married her, but the ironic little gods who have such matters in hand knew it was because she had a little way of swallowing before speaking, because she had a little way, when she came to him and saw him standing there with arms open to clasp her tight and kiss her, of sweeping her hat off and sailing it across the room, because she had a way of twining her little finger in his.

"They could not understand why he divorced her, but the ironic little gods who have such matters in hand knew it was because she had a little way of swallowing before speaking, because . . ."

No. 4, the mystery play. Every one out of three beginning playwrights seems to be busy on a mystery play. Most of them that the producers receive follow the established blueprint. Some one is mur-

dered; a canny sleuth eventually tracks down the culprit; the culprit is duly punished. Why not, for a change, one in which the otherwise canny sleuth finds himself finally up a tree and defeated? There are plenty of unsolved murders in the police records, and just as the public has for long entertained itself trying to figure out such mysteries as the Elwell and other cases, so might it conceivably find a like entertainment in the instance of such a play.

There have been several plays dealing with so-called "perfect crimes"—A. A. Milne, of all people, wrote one of them—but they have been spoiled by the playwrights' arbitrary belief that the culprit, for public morality's sake, has to be rounded up eventually and made to pay. Even writers apart from the theater have timidly subscribed to the conviction, as witness Austin Freeman. A play treating of a perfect crime without any such hesitation and moral qualm would be an interesting novelty.

No. 5, the detective farce. We have had any number of them in the last twenty-five years, and some of them were funny enough, but I should like to see one in which the sleuth, a mighty brain in his own conceit, idiotically proves himself an even mightier one than he thought by deducing from the evidence that he himself is the guilty party and the man he has been looking for all evening. I don't know whether the idea has ever been employed before, but if perchance it has I am still prepared to laugh at it if it shows up again, so reserve me a seat, please.

NO. 6, the comedy about two men and a girl, which is usually as basically old in its treatment as a horse-and-buggy doctor's treatment of lumbago, and as ineffectual. Let us have for a little new diversion some such play in which the girl's dilatory amorous shenanigans finally bore the two rivals stiff and in which they go out arm in arm to look up a couple of other less enervating and more charmingly companionable babies.

We turn to characters. Let the new young playwrights break away from the stereotyped contemplation of so many of them. For example:

1. A college professor is not necessarily always an old fogy who wears glasses, whose wardrobe apparently consists of never more than one shiny black suit, and who comports himself like a man afraid of his own shadow. There are among the breed some pretty hot boys and some pretty fetchingly lively ones, as the girls can tell you. Give them a break.

2. A great detective does not inevitably resemble actors who look like road-company William Gillettes. Pinkerton looked like a bartender at the old Hoffman House and William J. Burns like a prosperous Middle-Western department-store owner. The latter's son, Ray, who has taken over with his brother since their father died, looks, incidentally, like a younger and somewhat more comely Bert Lahr. In addition, detectives do not always talk like Brooklyn messenger boys. I know and have known a dozen of the good ones, and most of them have spoken better English than half the Wall Street brokers and doctors I have met.

3. A bachelor of means and social position isn't always avidly sought after by women any more than a great stage beauty is always avidly sought after by men. Both know it is too much trouble and takes too much time and patience, so both intelligently and profitably lay off.

4. Nurses look attractive in their trim white costumes, but they are not always tender, gently solicitous, and infinitely womanlike and understanding. Some of them are pretty tough; some of them would rather chew candy, gossip, and make a play for the internes than hustle thermometers, bedpans, and fresh linen; and a lot of them hate the sight of a man who has been too ill to shave for a few days.

5. Men given to drink are nevertheless sometimes very lovable fellows and their wives adore them.

6. Refugees from the dictator countries are not necessarily all pitiable folk. There are any number of them who are downright objectionable and offensive, and they include several races and creeds.

7. Some young Negresses have just as high moral standards when it comes to sex as some young white girls. It is time playwrights appreciated the fact.

8. Young clergymen are not always trim, slim fellows who exercise a curious appeal to worldly women. A lot of them are far from attractive and would hardly appeal even to the least discriminating cook.

9. Philosophers are not always counterparts of inmates of the Old Actors' Home. Some of them even look like George Santayana.

10. An Irishman, American, or Australian may be just as passionate a lover as a Frenchman, Italian, or Spaniard. So can the old hooey.

11. A rich society girl is not necessarily less desirable as a wife than a poor girl of plain people, and don't you fool yourself.

12. Some Communists dress just as well as capitalists and have better manners, much as we don't like to admit it. But playwrights shouldn't cheat.

WE turn now to adaptations of foreign plays.

1. Don't think you stand a better chance with American audiences if you transplant the locale of a French play, say, from Rambouillet to Roslyn, Long Island, and change the names of the characters from Henri de Bourneville and Germaine Dalcroix to Henry Brown and Geraldine Daly. In most cases you can't do it any more successfully than you could transfer the locale and people of some American play like The Time of Your Life to France. The thing, even at its best and most skillful, seldom sounds right and the play becomes bastardized and not a little ridiculous.

2. If you do not know the language of the play's country thoroughly, do not attempt an adaptation. You will give yourself, to say nothing of the play itself, away at intervals of every five minutes. And don't work from a rough translation made by some one else. That will make matters even worse.

3. Always keep in mind that what makes a play successful in one country may be the very thing that makes it unsuccessful in another. Playwrights and producers have lost all kinds of money by overlooking the fact.

We approach the subject of dramatizations of stories and novels.

THERE should be available and stimulating plays, I believe, in the following:

1. Max Beerbohm's Zuleika Dobson. If adroitly dramatized and properly cast, the play should prove a delight.

2. André Malraux's Man's Hope. A stirring drama might result.

3. No less than three of the short novels written by Lilith Benda for the old Smart Set magazine, excellent themes and perfectly suited to the drama—particularly the story of the girl whose father resembled the late Diamond Jim Brady, to the disgust of her fastidious lover, and the one about the hesitant twain brought amorously together by the singing of drunken French sailors in an adjoining supper room in a country inn.

4. Maxim Gorky's Twenty-six Men and a Girl, a tale of the tragedy of men when their one glimpse of beauty, purity, and illusion is taken from them.

5. George Birmingham's The Lost Tribes, a story about a wealthy American woman's fatuous attempt to galvanize a village in Ireland. But it would probably be a difficult job for any one but an Irishman.

6. A dramatization of Rabelais' Works, with Rabelais himself somehow worked into it. I herewith put in an order for six seats.

7. Henri Béraud's The Martyrdom of a Fat Man, juicy farce materials.

8. Finally, to go far afield and believe it or not, I have a feeling a funny play might be evolved from the old silent movie called Convention City. The story is an original one and with a rich old George Ade flavor. And, so far as I can remember, no one has yet written a play about the imbecilities of business conventions. The scene of the story is Atlantic City. I do not recall the author's name.

Please, however, if you see fit to follow any of the suggestions offered herein, please do *not* send on your plays for my opinion. All my time is taken up, as it is, expressing what opinions I have in print.

THE END

The Unobstructed Universe

A 1941 DOCUMENT ABOUT LIFE BEYOND THE GRAVE

A thrilling answer to the query: Does death end all?

"In the obstructed universe I employed drugs . . ."

BY STEWART EDWARD WHITE

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PART FIVE—CONCLUSION

I AM wondering," said Darby, "about the wisdom of using the word 'prayer.' It has such various connotations in people's minds."

"I think most people understand, dimly at least, what prayer really is," said Betty, "and I think that to most there comes, sometime, a pretty keen understanding."

"To most it means that you are trying to influence a power beyond you in your own behalf," pursued Darby. "We need some different devotional word to indicate contact with unobstructed consciousness, do we not?"

"The majority of people cannot aspire to such contact," pointed out Betty. "Their degree is not yet high enough. The formulation of a need into a thought, a petition, with the sure submerging of self, that comes with prayer to what is higher and greater than self, is a beneficent operation to the individual and is a definite projection into the unobstructed universe."

"Well, now," said I to Betty, "you were always fond of repeating the Lord's Prayer. What did you have in your mind? To what or whom did you address it?"

"To consciousness," replied Betty.

"Did you think of consciousness with personality?"

"As though I were drowning in a great sea, and there was a shipful of people, any or all of whom could help me," she replied promptly.

PERHAPS as advanced ideas as any were supplied by "the doctor." This doctor, dead these many years, and a great friend of Betty, spoke to us infrequently, but here is a sample of what he had to say:

"All sickness in your obstructed universe existence is nothing but a maladjustment of frequencies. All consciousness in the entire universe has a degree frequency. The individual consciousnesses of the various organs of the body each have their individual frequencies. Now, my point is this: In the obstructed universe I employed certain drugs which were themselves really lower degrees of consciousness—each with its own frequency—to stimulate or retard frequency in higher degrees of consciousness as manifested in the human organism. I had, for example, something for a torpid liver, for a tired heart—digitalis—and so on. But, with your present concept and understanding of frequency and its relation to consciousness as the reality of which you are a part, I think you could, after a few trials, open your mind to the inflow of the orthic whole for restoring the depleted frequencies of your body. Use your minds! That is one of the truths that made Christian Science live. The only difficulty with that system is that, having added the unobstructed universe's healing concept to earth's own restorative properties, they immediately eliminated the degree frequencies of drugs. Now, both should be used. If a tool has been placed at hand, why disdain it if it can aid you?"

More than once the doctor talked to us on the modern use of radium, electricity, light rays, and the like in medicine; all based on the supposition of their being entity frequencies complementing the various degree frequencies of the function of the human organism. It was interesting but entirely too technical for us to comprehend. It did call to mind recent successful experiments of forcing plant life by means of artificial light and electrical charges and keeping alive an isolated chicken heart through chemical stimulation.

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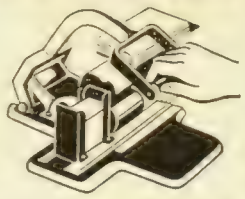

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ture of two entirely different states of being, separated as by a wall—the "on earth" and "in heaven" idea. That division has been expressed, of course, in all sorts of terminology. But the concept is always the same. Betty called it the obstructed and unobstructed universes, but she denied the wall between. That was her mission in her present divulgence—to knock down the wall.

To accomplish this, she pointed out, first, that there are not really two universes but only two aspects of one. We here live in the obstructed aspect, a proposition none of us is likely to deny. She lives, says she, in *both* aspects, in the *entire* universe; in the obstructed phase—that tiny percentage which we of earth inhabit—as well as in the vast and, to us, mysterious unobstructed portion.

So we are forced to modify our earth-heaven picture. We must see ourselves as living in a minute segment of a "one and only universe," held within its confines by obstructions that affect only us. Those obstructions are somewhat of our own production. Furthermore, they are, to a greater extent than we have realized, removable by ourselves—if we thought so and knew how. That is one thing Betty tried to show us.

She insists there is no wall! The two universes, or rather the two aspects of the same and only universe, are already so alike in texture that they interfuse. In fact, there seems to be a no man's land in which even we of the obstructed aspect can scarcely tell which is which! From Betty's viewpoint there is no basic difference. Each removal of obstruction brings her viewpoint and ours closer together. And from the beginning of time man has been busily removing obstructions and thereby eliminating, as far as he is concerned, some of the differences.

BETTY'S present effort is to convince us of this fact, of the gradual elimination of the obstructions; to prove to us that this underlying principle may be made—*and by ourselves*—even more workable for us. Again and again during the forty sessions of her divulgence she insisted on the value of what she called "stepladders" as aids in reaching up to her ideas. Many such stepladders did she actually point out to us—though she seemed to find more value in teaching us how to recognize them for ourselves. "Find one of your own," she would say when we failed to understand; "climb to the top of it, and reach from there."

Those she did indicate she brought to us from all kinds of sources; from science and the arts, from history, from fairy tales, from the Bible. The last especially; because, she reminded us, "as an exposition of the human emotions" it is rich in stepladders. I found so good a stepladder concerning our individual importance to the whole of which we are each parts that I want to call it to your attention right now. It is too long to quote. You can read it for yourself in the twelfth chapter of St. Paul's First Epistle to the Corinthians. I was particularly interested in the twelfth to twenty-sixth verses, inclusive. It is, beyond question, the simplest, clearest statement of democracy I have ever read. "For as the body is one, and hath many members, . . . the eye cannot say unto the hand, I have no need of thee: nor again the head to the feet, I have no need of you." . . . But read the entire chapter. A great metaphysician and a wise man—Paul.

The present catastrophe in Europe is no product of proximate circumstance, nor wholly of any one race or cast of thought. It is rather that men's minds have more and more centered on the material world outside themselves, until at last almost nothing of their attention turns to the inward searchings that alone maintain spiritual faith.

NOW, the only way that an individual who has so prospered in this world's goods that he has become wholly engrossed with them can be made to look within is to take those things away from him. That, I suspect, is the real meaning of the story of Job. Sometimes it is necessary to take away from a man *everything* he holds dear before, in despair, he will sit down alone to find that which cannot be taken away from him; that which, despite all, endures and lives within his own consciousness. It is no different with peoples.

Something of that sort, I gather from Betty and her friends, is back of the present world-wide turmoil. How much will have to be taken away from mankind she cannot, will not predict. "That," says she, "is dependent on the free will of man."

Only when the balance is restored will the storm die.

"The consciousness of man knows the truth," she declared later. "He need only be told the truth to recognize it—if he *will*—since the truth is in himself. And the only reason he has stepped aside from *living* the truth is because he has become too enamored of his own creations. That which creates, I repeat, is greater than the thing created, no matter what it is.

"Now man must be retold. Always in world crises he has been retold; always it has taken a world crisis to make him receive. Now, perhaps, he needs this stepladder I offer—this divulgence with its modern terminology—by which to climb back.

"So many stepladders by which to get back," she went on. "So many stepladders the human race has accumulated, if only it could recognize them. They are recorded in folk tales and the picture writings of the savage tribes; in the various bibles of the various races; in poetry, in music, in sculpture, in painting. All humanity has been reaching toward the *unobstructed* ever since humanity was.

"Above all, there is the Christian Bible. All faiths have in them truth.

Indeed, *any* system of thought that has lived and continued from generation to generation has some element of truth in it. Otherwise it could not have lived. It may not contain all the truth, and its element of truth may have become overdecorated by the elaborations of dogma. And, again, what may be truth for one age may not be for a succeeding age. But so long as a man seeks truth and keeps his path straight, his own *seeking* makes it true.

"Of all the faiths that have lived, Christianity has done most for the world; in envisioning individual and collective liberty, in belief in self, democracy, education, real freedom. It was first expressed in terms needed for understanding at the time, just as I retell the truth now in the terms of your times.

"The Christian Bible is full of stepladders," she repeated. "They merely need restatement, or perhaps reinterpretation. For instance, the second of the Beatitudes: 'Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.' What could apply more directly to the world today? All that was meant two thousand years ago was that people who mourn seek after the truth of immortality for the sake, first, of those they mourn, and, second, for their own sakes. And that is what is meant again today. And the promise is, remember, 'they shall be comforted.'

"*If* your life on earth is all, why bother with it? Why bring children into the world? Why plan ahead for coming generations? Fundamentally, you know that the I-Am of man is in evolution and must go on. But man has become so engrossed in the wonders of his own obstructed universe that he has broken away from that simple early faith. The world is mourning now. And it is going to mourn. It is losing much that it has valued. It is only when people who have become stiff-necked and proud in their own self-sufficiency are forced by sorrow to take time to seek after truth that truth can 'comfort' them or again make them free.

I GAVE you the other day," concluded Betty, "the symbol of a wheel, and the hub of the wheel is truth, and the spokes of the wheel are the various paths leading to truth.

"Now, no two spokes are identical and no two start from the same place on the rim, but in that they all run straight and bind the rim to a hub they are alike, completing a perfect whole, each spoke strengthening the hub. So if one man, starting from one place, reads one meaning into this divulgence, and another starting from another place reads into it a little different meaning, it can make no matter."

This installment of The Unobstructed Universe is an excerpt from the book of the same name published by E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc., and copyrighted by Stewart Edward White.

THE END

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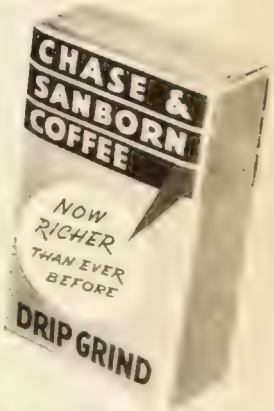

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IT'S A TOUGH LIFE—Continued from Page 15

prise, "did you know I was a colonel?"

"I didn't. Are you?"

"In a manner of speaking—yes."

The policeman didn't believe him and he winked at the crowd as he said, "It's lucky for you and me, Jack, that we ain't in his outfit. Now, you tell me, Jack, where you were headin' in such a hurry that you had to go and get this nice old gentleman mad by tootling your tooter."

"I had a date—in fact, I've still got one."

"Are you late for it?"

"Well, not exactly, as far as actual time goes, but I feel that any minutes I let slip away in getting there are lost forever out of the most important part of my life."

"Oh, your date's got skirts on it," the officer deduced.

Colonel Butts snorted with disgust. "No sensible young woman would waste her time on a stoop-shouldered, flat-chested panty-waist like that."

"He didn't say she was sensible," the officer observed mildly.

"But she is," the belated swain argued, with a fire of enthusiasm in his eye. "She's beautiful and she's got everything else besides."

"What in the name of George W. Pfafner and all his little nickel-plated dragons is this?" Colonel Butts worked himself up a little. "Are you an officer of the law or a traveling salesman for Cupid? I demand that you arrest this half-baked menace to public safety and take away his driver's license. Tell the judge—"

Officer Casey held up his hand for silence. "You tell it to the judge yourself, colonel." He turned to the younger man. "Run along, Jack, and keep your date. I'll take grandpa over to the bastille. Maybe he'll run out of conversation and cuss words after a few hours in the tank. If his Honor wants to see you in the morning, I know where to find you."

At the City Hall, which also housed the First Precinct Police Station, Butts demanded an immediate audience with the traffic-violations magistrate. Fortunately the judge was still there and the officer good-naturedly piloted his truculent prisoner into the empty courtroom without even booking him.

"Judge Travis, this hombre wants to palaver. Says his name is Colonel Butts. It ain't necessarily so. He's said a lot of things so far that—"

"Why, you old son of a breeches buoy!" The judge, who was a huge man, got up from his desk and, shedding his magisterial dignity like a pair of unzippered trousers, hit Colonel Butts a blow on the back which would have knocked down a man with less massive foundations. As it was, it only made the colonel stagger a little. He recovered almost immediately and returned the affectionate pat with his own hamlike right hand. The judge reeled uncertainly and supported himself against the high desk as he coughed dazedly.

"Must be out of condition," Judge Travis apologized. "I guess I'm not the man I thought I was."

"You never were, Bunny!" roared Colonel Butts, but jovially this time. "Remember back in Clermont-Ferrand when—"

Judge Travis interrupted with instructions to the traffic officer: "It's all right, Casey. You can run along. This bald-headed buzzard is guilty of everything in the book and I'm going to make him serve out his sentence over at the '49 Bar. You can find us there if anybody steals your velocipede."

As they walked over to the city's most popular refreshment parlor the two middle-aged gentlemen swapped vital statistics closing up the gaps since they had last seen each other, twenty years before.

"What are you doing in California?" the judge inquired.

"My wife's health."

"What's she suffering from?"

"Me mostly, I guess," Colonel Butts admitted sheepishly. "We're still fond of each other, but I sometimes get mad—or at least I used to."

"But not any more; is that it?"

"Not so anybody would notice it. I practice repression."

"Oh."

When the judge and Colonel Butts were seated at a table and there had been a little beer and one thing and another to get things going, they started to review the war—not this one but that other which you have practically forgotten.

"How come this colonel business?" demanded the judge. "Last time I saw you, we were both first-class privates—if there is any such an animile."

"Well," said Butts a little apologetically, "I got the commission from the governor of my state."

"Kentucky?"

The colonel nodded.

"For doing what?"

"I made some of the best whisky in America."

"Before or after repeal?"

"We don't ask questions like that in Kentucky."

"We do here. This is California."

The colonel was too full of his recent irritation to deliver his usual lecture on California weather, which covered the subject very completely. Instead he went into his diatribe on incompetent drivers and the impudence of young people in general.

"Now wait a minute, Buttsy, my pal," said the more tolerant judge. "Maybe kids aren't any worse nowadays than they were twenty years ago. I seem to recall that you were a kind of a fresh lad yourself when you were working for Jack Pershing. You spent most of your time either in the cooler or doing kitchen police."

"That was the fault of our top-cutter, that pigheaded Irish Simon Legree. We used to call him Sergeant Horse-fanny, but what the Sam Hill was his real name?"

"Cassidy—Michael J. Cassidy."

"That's it. Thanks; I want to remember the cockeyed Argentine hyena in my prayers. I don't like first sergeants as a race, but ours was the high-ranking, loudmouthed jackass of the A. E. F."

"I used to feel a little that way about him myself," the judge admitted, "but I know him better now. He's an attorney in this very town and we sometimes have lunch together."

The colonel looked at his friend suspiciously, as if he were a traitor to an ancient ideal. "You mean you sit down at the same table with him? In the name of Allah, what is the world coming to?"

The judge laughed. "The funny thing is, you'd probably like him. He knows and tells more stories than even you can remember about the way you and I used to keep him in trouble all the time."

The colonel growled: "I don't want to meet the overgrown cootie."

"O. K." The judge paid for a round of drinks. "You probably won't run into him. He's a captain in our local National Guard unit, which has just been mustered into the service, and he'll be leaving in a few days."

"Captain?" Colonel Butts raised his voice in an exclamation of pain. "You mean that insect-ridden buzzard is a brass hat?"

"Why, yes—and very well liked, too."

"Well, I'll just naturally be damned. And I tried to join up with his outfit this afternoon!"

THE AUTHOR

Frank R. Adams, who began writing musical comedies while at the University of Chicago, is the author of several plays, novels, and short stories. He served in France as an artillery officer during the World War, then went back to his typewriter in Whitehall, Michigan, where he lives with his wife and daughter.

"You did?" The judge was immediately interested. Then he added doubtfully, "But they've already got a colonel. He's a Los Angeles man by the name of—"

The colonel interrupted: "I wanted to enlist as a private. But the smart-aleck recruiting officer over at the bank said I was too old."

"That was Henderson. He's a little stuffy but a good organization man underneath. Why on earth did you want to enlist?"

"Why does any man who's been in one war get restless when there's another one going on? Besides, it would probably improve my wife's health to have me out of the house."

The judge laughed. "Patriotism plus a prescription for domestic happiness. That's probably as good a reason for enlisting as any." He looked at his old comrade in arms speculatively. "I'm not sure I don't envy you the freedom to go to camp with the youngsters. I can't because of my official position."

"But I said they wouldn't take me."

"I know; but that might be arranged. I've told you that Captain Cassidy is a friend of mine. He knows your war records and—"

"I wouldn't take any favors from a pure-blooded whistle-britch like old Horse-fanny. T'hell with him!"

ALL right. I can see that time has mellowed you from a stubborn young wildcat into a pigheaded old Missouri nightingale. Let's skip it. But I understand now how you managed to get yourself arrested this afternoon. You were just sore because time has crept up on you close enough to spit in your eye."

"You're wrong again. The whole trouble is the way incompetent immature sprats drive automobiles. What if we had been like that back in 1918?"

"You mean along about the time when you drove that ammunition truck through an entire French division on the road to Chaumont?"

The colonel defended himself. "The brakes were worn out."

"So you said—even then—at the court-martial. What's the matter with you now is, you've forgotten the boy you used to be. Kids today are about the same as they were when you and I were turned loose on the unsuspecting Boche. The current crop of youngsters is a little better, if anything."

"That's what you think, huh? Got any of your own?"

"No—I never married."

"Then what do you know about it?"

"I live with my sister, and she has a boy who'd put your eye out."

"I don't doubt he's tried it."

"I mean, he's everything anybody could ask—manly, courteous, intelligent, and considerate."

"I'd believe that if I saw him—maybe."

"You're going to see him. Come out to dinner right now and—"

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"Holy mackerel, is it dinner-time?" The colonel looked at his watch. "I promised my wife I'd be home early, too." He got up from the table.

"How about coming to our place tomorrow," the judge persisted, "you and your family?"

"Probably can do," the colonel replied. "I'll call you up after I ask Mrs. Butts. What's your telephone number?"

AFTER his dismissal by the traffic officer, John Worthington Jones, forgetting somewhat the pain in his jaw and his technicolor eye, proceeded blithely on his way to see the girl who had so recently, so he said, made hamburger out of his tough all-weather-tread heart.

Dorothy answered the doorbell herself. She had been waiting. She was in love, too—the same as young Mr. Jones. It made her more beautiful than she was normally. That's saying a good deal.

"Remember me?" Jones inquired anxiously. "I'm the handsome hero of our story—the guy you slugged in the heart at the dance last Saturday."

Dorothy looked at him critically. "I didn't punch you in the eye, too."

"No. That was another raving beauty."

"You get around, don't you?"

"Not any more. I was telling this girl good-by forever. Naturally, she hated to lose me."

"Um! I see now why you don't wear a hat. But come in anyway. Mother," she said to the slightly better padded and older edition of herself who came in from the kitchen, "this is Mr. Jones, the young man I've been telling you about."

"Oh." Completely noncommittal.

"Maybe I'm better than I look," Mr. Jones pleaded humbly. "You should hear what my own mother thinks of me before you bring in a completely adverse verdict."

"Mothers are biased."

"I know, but mine is dieting for it."

The older woman relented and laughed. "Come into the living room, Mr. Jones. I'm just putting the finishing touches on dinner. We've got a new Japanese cook and I don't trust him yet." To Dorothy she said, "Father'll be along in a few minutes. You try to entertain the young man until he arrives."

When the older woman had been engulfed once more by the swing doors to the kitchen, young Mr. Jones led Dorothy to the overstuffed davenport.

"Be seated, repulsive," he suggested, "and I will engage you in polite conversation to lull your suspicions as to my real intentions."

"If you mean you're going to put your arm around me, go ahead."

He hesitated. "This doesn't seem quite right. It usually takes quite a while to get to this point. What do you suggest as the next step?"

Dorothy looked at him with the melting adoration of an Irish setter. "Tell me what really happened to your eye."

He told her the story with just a little varnish here and there to make it sound better. She was sitting so closely in the hollow of his arm that the merest chuckle was a part of both of them.

"It is very essential," observed Mr. Jones, "that a young man who has really serious intentions toward a wench should be able to make her laugh."

"You've studied the subject?"

"Only in the last few days. I've been trying to convince myself that meeting you was all a mistake. Right now I am still fighting off my baser impulse to propose honorable marriage. I know I'll find some one next week who looks less like a bedraggled hag, and then how will I feel—chained to you for life?"

"I don't know, I'm sure," Dorothy answered his rhetorical question demurely. "How *will* you feel, Mr. Jones?"

He pulled slightly away. "This is still theoretical so far, isn't it? I haven't proposed and you haven't accepted, have we?"

"Oh, no. You don't think I really would, do you?"

"I don't know. I've got a kind of a scared feeling inside of me that you might say yes. You'd be an awful responsibility, you know. I'm afraid a man would learn to care a little more for you every day and at the end of a couple of years he probably couldn't stand it."

SOMEWHERE, midway of his speech, Dorothy had closed her eyes.

"Have you fainted?" he asked anxiously.

"No; I'm just resting until you untangle yourself."

"I guess I talk too much," he admitted ruefully. "Here I've nearly argued myself into marriage, when all I meant to do in today's experiment was to find out what our first kiss would be like."

"Don't you know?"

"No. I think, my sweet, that it will be quite different from anything which has ever happened so far in this world."

Mr. Jones made no confirming report on the result of the experiment, which he checked and double-checked for technical errors. Apparently there were none. He was stunned into an awed silence.

Dorothy's mother started to open the door from the kitchen, which was on a direct line through the dining room to the davenport. She let the door swing shut again and retired to the kitchen murmuring, "My, my, oh dear." She didn't quite know what she meant, but she was certainly confused.

Dorothy and young Mr. Jones had not noticed her partial entrance. They didn't even hear the front-door lock when it clicked.

But in a moment all was different. Mr. Jones and Colonel Butts found themselves out on the front lawn after a brief struggle in which Mr. Jones was in too much of a trance to realize that he had been dragged there by the powerful hand of his recent traffic-duel adversary. During the tussle Mr. Jones had been hit again in the same eye and he couldn't see very well, anyway.

Colonel Butts concluded his remarks, which were mostly descriptive, with, "And the next time you enter my house, it will be on my invitation. You can figure out for yourself about how soon that will be."

Then the colonel withdrew in triumph to his home and castle, slamming the glassed door violently enough to crack it diagonally from northeast to southwest.

Behind the cracked door of the Butts ménage the colonel expressed himself freely. When he had finished, the silence of a freshly fumigated doghouse reigned. Butts looked up in surprise to find that he was the occupant of the kennel.

"Well," he said belligerently, "what would you do if you came home and found a dodgasted young snipperpoop with a black eye kissing your daughter?"

"I think," declared Dorothy hotly, "that I would ask the young man what his intentions were."

"You mean he wants to marry you?"

"I think so, although he hadn't quite got to that point yet."

"You were way past it, unless I'm blind. In my day—"

"You just don't understand how young people act any more." Mrs. Butts rallied to the defense of her offspring.

"You too, Martha. Holy mackerel and other little blue fishes!"

"He seems like a nice young man," Mrs. Butts observed mildly. "After all, you don't know Mr. Jones."

"The heck I don't! Go look at the wreck of my practically new car if you don't think we've met."

OH"—Dorothy began to laugh—"are you the irascible bald-headed old duffer who doesn't know how to drive?"

"You're quoting him?"

"He told it as a funny story."

"Funny, huh? I'll bet he don't think it's so funny now. I told him and I'm telling you that if he ever comes to this house again I'm going to separate him from his dodgasted tonsils."

"I think you're up to big business, interfering with the only friendship Dorothy has made since we moved here." Mrs. Butts seldom argued with her volcanic husband, but sometimes she told him where to head in.

"She's up to big business herself to make friends with scum off the streets, dammit."

"He's not scum, dammit," Dorothy objected in an exasperation nearly matching his own. "And I met him at that country club where you took us Saturday night."

(Continued on page 52)

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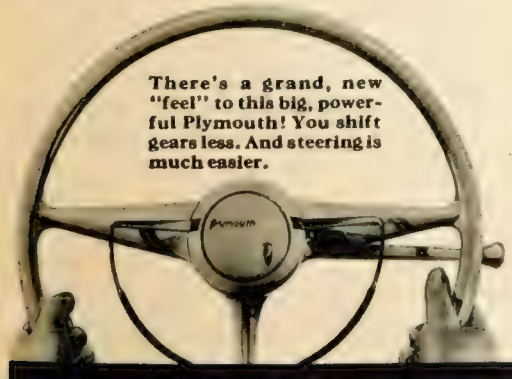

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(*Continued from page 50*)

"I didn't introduce him to you, did I?"

"You didn't introduce anybody to her," Mrs. Butts pointed out.

"Both of you against me, huh? Gangin' up. What am I in my own household?"

"A tyrant!" Mother and daughter managed to get that out in chorus.

"And a double-dodgasted bully besides," Dorothy added.

"Don't use my private and personal cuss words. I won't have it!" Colonel Butts glared at his offspring and added, "That goes for my electric razor, too."

For some reason they all laughed, thus proving that it was just a good old American family fight and not an all-out blitzkrieg.

Colonel Butts thought he'd won and magnanimously let down his guard a little.

His wife cut in under it. "If you've decided to pick Dorothy's companions for her, you'll have to begin. She's getting too old to play with dolls."

The young woman had ideas on the subject herself. "Never mind, mother. Dad doesn't know anybody who wasn't in the Civil War, which he won singlehanded unless history is to be believed."

"Civil War?" Colonel Butts appealed to high heaven. "Ye gods and web-footed little angels, some of 'em on rocking horses!"

MRS. BUTTS was a little discouraged. "Cease firing, both of you." To Dorothy she said, "Of course your father can't introduce you to any young men."

"I can't? The whoop I can't!"

"That's fine." His wife was complacently cheerful — but skeptical. "Then have one come over right away. We've got a nice dinner nearly ready and—"

"It just happens I do know about a very fine young chap—nephew of an old buddy of mine. I'll telephone and have his uncle send him right out."

"Not on my account." Dorothy tried to stop him. "If you bring in some moth-eaten two-legged clam that you think is all right, I'm going to be ill."

Her protest was unavailing. Colonel Butts had already fished Judge Travis' telephone number out of his wallet and was dialing it while she spoke.

It was the judge himself who answered on the line, and Colonel Butts made his rather extraordinary request. There was a little conversation on both sides. Then the colonel hung up and faced his family with a triumphant grin. You could almost see canary tail feathers sticking out of the corners of his mouth.

"He's coming just as soon as he changes his clothes. The boy has had a very hard day. But you'll see what I mean by a young man of character. This lad has all the fine qualities of my own generation. His uncle told me so."

"You can have him," his daughter retorted.

Dorothy was still in her room when the doorbell rang ten minutes later. Because of her delay she missed something she was to regret all the rest of her life.

Colonel Butts opened the door himself—but only part way.

Then he slammed it shut, really shattering the glass this time. Huge chunks of it clattered to the floor.

But the colonel spoke through the newly created aperture. "Get away from that door before I open up on you. Didn't I tell you never to come to this house again unless I invited you?"

"Yes, you told me, but unless I'm mistaken you have invited me. I've got a letter of introduction to you from Judge Travis."

"What?"

"I said—"

"Never mind; I heard you. Are you Judge Travis' nephew?"

"Yes, sir."

The colonel was speechless for the first time in his life. He sputtered some, but there wasn't any language left that covered the situation. He turned helplessly to his wife, who abruptly stifled a laugh.

"Mother," he said, "what shall I do?"

She shrugged her shoulders. "*You* were the one who asked him to dinner—not me."

"That's all the help I get around here." But he went back to the entrance. "It can never be said that a Butts from Kentucky forgot the rules of hospitality." He swung the door wide. "Come in, young man, come in. Don't stand there like a double-barreled ninny! I never won anything on a blind bet in my life, and I guess my luck hasn't changed any. But when I lose I pay up. Come in. This is Mrs. Butts and your name is—?"

"Jones — John Worthington Jones."

"Oh, yes."

"How do you do, Mr. Jones," said Mrs. Butts cordially. "My husband has been telling me and my daughter Dorothy so many nice things about you."

Colonel Butts strangled a little—but privately.

DOROTHY came down, hastily abandoning her plan to imitate the speech of an aunt who had a harelip.

She acknowledged her mother's formal introduction. "Any dear friend of my father is just like one of the family." Dorothy held up her lips, and because there seemed to be nothing else to do he kissed her politely and perfunctorily.

The real nature of Colonel Butts got the better of his Kentucky hospitality for a moment. "Am I supposed to stand here and watch a thing like that going on under my very nose?"

Dorothy did not look at her father but she said, "You're wrong about the geographical scene of the crime, but I think you're right in criticizing the technique. Daddy, your friend's nephew doesn't seem to know the first thing about pitching woo. However, for your sake, I'll try to show him how. Mr. Jones, won't you come and sit beside me on this comfortable davenport?"

Mr. Jones looked around apprehensively. Colonel Butts with clenched fists was holding himself back. Mrs. Butts was helping. "No, thank you, miss," the young man declined politely. "My mother was frightened by one of those contraptions just before I was born, and naturally I have what scientists call 'sofaphobia.'"

"Dinner is served," said the impeccable Japanese who had entered from the kitchen.

THE meal proceeded along the strictly formal lines of a state banquet. Colonel Butts brooded. The day had not gone well. He could not help remembering the rejection of his patriotic effort to enlist in the army, his dented fenders and his crumpled trunk. But he managed to remember also that he was a Butts of Kentucky, and so passed the mashed potatoes to Mr. Jones instead of crowning him with them the way inclination dictated.

It was only toward the end of the solemn festivities that he really addressed his guest: "Young man, what are your ideas, if any, on the subject of compulsory military service?"

"Would you mind," requested Mr. Jones, "telling me what your own opinion is first?"

"It won't do you any good to agree with me."

"I didn't intend to," Mr. Jones replied courteously. "You choose either side of the argument you wish and I'll take the other."

Colonel Butts was baffled for a moment. Then a wicked gleam appeared in his eye. "I'm in favor of conscription."

"Then I'm against it."

"I thought so. That's why you want to get married—to escape the draft."

"Up to this moment I wasn't sure I had any intention of getting married. Thank you for helping me make up my mind." He let his gaze stray fondly toward Dorothy. "If your daughter is willing—"

"Leave my daughter out of this."

Mrs. Butts and Dorothy exchanged apprehensive glances.

"If you gentlemen will excuse us," said Mrs. Butts, rising, "Dorothy and I have to feed the goldfish."

But even from behind the closed door of the library they could hear the rattle and clash of jumping dishes in the dining room as Colonel Butts drove home his arguments.

Not for long, though. There was finally one prolonged crash of expensive china.

"Father has upset the table," deduced Dorothy.

"Oh, dear!" said Mrs. Butts, whose heart confirmed her daughter's suspicion. "We'd better go and look."

She opened the door in time to see her husband, with a firm grip on their guest's elbow, escorting him toward the house entrance.

"Everett," she cried, "remember the Buttses of Kentucky!"

Colonel Butts had his hand on the knob of the outside door. "Madam," he said, "I am remembering. That is why this embryonic hoptoad still lives."

The bell rang. The colonel, perhaps not even hearing it, opened the door anyway.

On the threshold stood a uniformed messenger.

"Are you Buttsy Butts?" the boy asked with well founded hesitation.

"Yes. If that note is for me, hand it over and don't stand there with your mouth open."

The colonel took the envelope and opened it.

The letter inside read:

From Capt. Michael J. Cassidy
Co. ——, 241st Reg. C. A. C.
To Ex-Private Everett Butts,
U. S. Army, A. E. F.

If you want to carry a pack and shoulder a rifle as a buck private under my command once more, make it snappy.

(Signed) Ex-1st Sergeant Cassidy
(Horse-fanny to you).

P.S. Report for duty to 1st Sergeant John Worthington Jones by first available transportation.

The colonel, slightly dazed, shut the door. The messenger was outside. Young Mr. Jones was still inside. Dorothy was holding his hand to give him courage. That was entirely unnecessary, but he liked it anyway.

THE colonel read his letter through a second time.

"I'm in the army," he muttered incredulously. "Mother, I've got to report to Sergeant John Worthington—" He stopped and pointed an accusing finger at Dorothy's new friend. "Why, your name is John Worthington Jones!"

"Yes, sir."

"And you're top kick in my outfit?"

"That's the way it looks."

"Name of a name! And I've got to take orders from you!"

"Not until we go to camp day after tomorrow. Tonight we are just friends—I hope."

Colonel Butts started to laugh—not joyously exactly, but with a measure of frustrated chagrin in his mirth. The others joined in—but cautiously.

The Japanese houseboy said, "Coffee and brandy are served in the library, Colonel Butts."

"Make it Private Butts, Elmer, and leave the coffee out of mine. I'm going to need stimulants—from now on!"

THE END

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the family reputation so far. Now he was picked as the man to go to Antwerp.

"One thing about the town," remarked Colonel Helton: "the people in it know how to stick together. That arm-band business the other day is just a sample."

"I must have missed it somehow," said Peter.

"It was in the papers." Helly-John's eyes twinkled. "Seems the local Gauleiter had been putting the screws on a bit at a time because he'd learned the people in Antwerp are a hard lot to handle. He got to the point of ordering all Jews to wear arm bands, beginning in a couple of days. Every one knew what it meant for them—start of the usual persecution. Two days later the whole town turned out in Jewish arm bands—blue-eyed blond Flemings, brunet Walloons, and all. Imagine it! That's unity for you!"

"Must have been a pretty picture. What did the Nazis do?"

"They couldn't pick out the Jews

THE AUTHOR

Katharine Roberts, a foreign correspondent at the end of World War I, covered the early reconstruction period in Flanders. On her return to America she became personal representative for several stage stars and lectured for the Theatre Guild. She now devotes all her time to writing.

couldn't do much of anything. It's pretty hard to arrest an entire townful of people who are just going quietly about their business. Probably whacked on a good fine. . . . You'll find Antwerp interesting—if you get there."

"Don't worry. I will."

Colonel Helton sent for the prisoner whose work Stanleigh was to take over.

Paul Sturm was in an adjacent room. He'd been brought to this place because old Helly-John had wanted to question him himself. Sturm had been taken in only that morning, though he'd been under observation for several days. He had been on his way from Canada to deliver information to the Nazi bureau in Antwerp, being sent by none other than Frederika, an early pupil of Fräulein Doktor. Frederika had also suggested that he might stay for some extra tutoring and be more useful when he came back. In fact, that was her main reason for sending him to Fräulein. The information could have got there without him.

At the moment, Frederika herself was dodging the dragnet of counter-espionage in Canada and causing plenty of wakeful nights. Whatever Fräulein Doktor might look like, Paul Sturm could have told any one that Frederika was a honey. No one else could have persuaded him to study even briefly in Antwerp after he'd once heard anecdotes about that epitome of the *Herrenvolk*, Fräulein Doktor. But Frederika, wanting a more astute assistant, fired him to a spirit of derring-do. He thought it was patriotism.

He'd been filled all his life with tales of devotion to the fatherland and was good ground for Frederika's cultivation. He'd been born in Canada, but his parents had not. During all these years they'd vowed to avenge the treatment they'd had when the small town they'd settled in as immigrants had boycotted their bakery during the World War. They'd been thrown into a concentration camp because of being too outspoken about their feelings. Then they'd been able to prove naturalization and had been released—but always watched, until the war was over and the years dimmed official memory. After that, they had moved to another town.

When the Bund began to organize, their son Paul, with a mind perfectly prepared for it, had become an active worker. Then he had served as an informer, and finally had been accepted for espionage service. He'd wound up as an ordinary seaman on a freighter carrying food to England. One trip would be enough, opined Frederika, and Sturm agreed.

Sturm didn't know he was being watched. Having successfully doffed his sailor's uniform and put on ordinary clothes, he was rather proud of himself and was making his way inconspicuously toward the south when another fellow, equally inconspicuous, caught up with him.

He had been thinking happily of Frederika's last words to him. "I would not trust you with this message," she had said in her slightly stiff English, "if you had not served our cause so well here in Canada. But I know you are brave." His soul had expanded at this. She had told him where in England he would find a man who would see that he got to France. "In this letter which you will present to Herr Schmidt, who will meet you in Vichy, I have told them of your loyalty."

It was an ordinary letter which lay folded in his pocket and could not excite suspicion. But between its lines, if you knew how to find them, were more words. A few of them introduced Paul Sturm. Even they were not too explicit. She had also given him one other very small bit of paper. What was on it he did not know. He knew only that he must guard it above everything else and it was small enough to guard easily.

When the British authorities had taken him in, they had wrung the story from him—and even a password. They had taken his clothes and, for hours now, had held him naked except for a dressing gown, but that small vital bit of paper was still with him when he was summoned once again before the beshrubbed gimlet eyes of Colonel Helton and the quizzical stare of Stanleigh, who was his height, weight, build, coloring, and who wore his best suit.

He looked Stanleigh over carefully. This was the fellow who had sat and listened so earnestly all the time they had quizzed him, and who had then talked to him partly in German. Sturm was not aware that a record had been made of the conversation and that, while the clothes were being given a swift cleaning and pressing, Stanleigh had listened to that record over and over to compare his own accent with that of Sturm.

"Lucky your father had the Canadian post when you were a young one," Colonel Helton had observed, listening to it. "Your speech is more like Sturm's—even your German—than if you'd always lived in England. Since they've never seen Sturm, you should pass."

Now, as Stanleigh looked at the prisoner for the last time, he realized that for months to come, his life would be Sturm's life.

"Sit down," said Stanleigh and, as Sturm took a chair, he added, "Cigarette?"

Sturm gazed sullenly straight ahead, away from Stanleigh, who approached him holding out his own case to him. He stood looking down at the silent man.

"Earache?" he asked suddenly.

Sturm turned quickly. "No."

"There's a very small bit of cotton deep down in his left ear," observed Stanleigh. "I think we'd better examine him for ear trouble."

"It's all right now," Sturm muttered.

He was held quiet while the tiny piece of cotton was removed. Tightly rolled in it was a folded square inch of paper thinner than cigarette paper.

When it came back from the code room, Stanleigh looked at the accompanying message. "Without this," he said, "the letter and the password mean nothing."

They had sent Sturm out. Now they called him in again.

"Do you know what was in that small paper we took from you?" demanded Colonel Helton.

"No," said Sturm. "I know only that Mme. Frederika said it was to be delivered after I had given the password and was accepted."

"It was about you," said Stanleigh, and they saw momentary surprise in Sturm's eyes.

"If the captain does not reach Fräulein Doktor now, we shall know you have given the wrong password," Helton's voice was incisive. "You will be held until we are sure. If it is wrong, we will not deal with you ourselves. We will turn you over to Fräulein Doktor with evidence of your failure to—"

"No," gasped Sturm. "No!" He was suddenly terrified.

"Then you *do* know her!"

"No. I have never seen her—I told you that—but I have heard what she does to those who have bungled. No!" his voice rose. "I would rather face your firing squad!"

"Then give us the right password," Helton snapped.

"If I do—you won't turn me over to her?"

"Not if the captain gets through Vichy, where he'll first use it."

Sturm sat silent a moment. The other two waited. At last—

"It isn't a word," Sturm said in the lifeless tone of one who surrenders his last shred of hope; "it is a phrase." He was silent again.

"Say it."

His lips tried to form words. They trembled but no sound came.

"Here," said Stanleigh, handing him a pencil and paper, "write it. Maybe that's easier."

Sturm wrote shakily but clearly. Stanleigh looked at it. "A little different from the first one."

He watched Sturm as he was led out. "Do I really look like that chap?"

Old Helly-John looked him over. Gray eyes, brown hair, long face, six-footer, same build. "You'll do."

"Thanks," said Stanleigh. He picked up the earphones and listened again to the upper level. "Quieter up there now," he said.

"Better get going." Old Helly-John was gruff. "Hope you enjoy the Fräulein."

"She sounds like a nice lady to meet," said Stanleigh as he fastened the belt of his coat.

HE made his way into France by a route he knew well. He'd traveled it twice in the last two months. There were those still willing to help, whatever the risk. In Vichy, he went to the small hotel to which Frederika had directed Sturm. Sturm's documents and the letter were in his pocket. The small important piece of paper was more carefully hidden—though, heaven forbid, not in his ear! He mulled over the peculiar pass phrase. Was it correct—or had Sturm had sufficient courage to give the wrong one after all? He'd know very soon now.

He presented the letter for Schmidt at the office of M. Charles Duval, as instructed, and was told he'd receive an answer the following day. It came in the form of a telephone message, saying he was to come to the same address at five thirty the next afternoon.

When he arrived for the appointment, he walked into an inner office where sat a man about the age of Colonel Helton. He was not a military man. He was much too fat—clearly a man used to working with a brain that looked out of small shrewd eyes tucked away behind fleshy lids, a man who ate plenty of butter whether any one else had it or not. The Baron von Rautter had worked with the first Fräulein Doktor. He was the present Fräulein's most trusted aide and, he himself might intimate, her occasional mentor.

"You are Paul Sturm?" he asked.

Peter handed him Paul Sturm's papers.

He looked them over and seemed satisfied. "My name is Schmidt," he said. He offered careful questions. Peter, now Paul, answered. After a properly cautious delay, Peter put the pass phrase into a casual sentence. Schmidt looked at him questioningly. Peter kept his eyes steadily on Schmidt. After a long look, Schmidt said, "How does it go now—with Mme. Frederika?"

STANLEIGH heaved an inward sigh of relief. "Perhaps this will tell you more than I can," he said, and suddenly the small square of thin paper was in his hand. He gave it to Herr Schmidt.

For the first time an affable expression came over the German's face. "You did that well." He turned on an infra-red lamp near his desk and held the paper over it. Words appeared. "Dim," he said. "Has this been tampered with?"

"No, *mein Herr*—that is, not since I've had it," said Peter easily, though ready to jump for his life.

Schmidt brought out a jeweler's glass and read the small writing, mentally decoding as he went. "Yes, yes," he said, "she may be right. We shall see." He studied Frederika's protégé. He was what Frederika might have sent.

"I should like to be of service," said Peter. He told Sturm's story of his parents' abuse and added a few eager words of specious patriotism.

"We shall see," repeated Schmidt. After more questions he said, "You will take a long drive with me."

As they drove into Antwerp just after midnight the next evening, Schmidt pulled down the blinds of the car, although there was not a light to be seen. Peter decided that Schmidt enjoyed being impressive for, in that blackness, it would have been impossible for him to trace their way through the twisting streets or get any idea as to the location of Fräulein Doktor's house.

Once inside, they went down long dim corridors lined with closed doors, each with a letter above it, and into a room which seemed to be half office, half library. At one end of it a full-length painting hung against the wall. It was the portrait of an extraordinary woman.

Schmidt was thirsty from the drive. "We will have some beer while I give you your instructions for the morning. After tonight—whether you stay or not—you will have no more beer with me," he added.

They sat comfortably, as he again asked Stanleigh questions. Some of them were the same ones he had asked before. Peter had the feeling

IMPOSSIBLE ICHABOD

"Let's go, Beanie! This is where we came in."

of eyes upon him—not Schmidt's eyes but eyes he could not see. He turned and looked at the portrait. That woman in the painting seemed to look off into the distance, not at him.

"She interests you?"

"Yes," said Peter, still with that prickly sensation of a pair of eyes going over him.

"That is the portrait of the woman who governed this house and many of us from 1914 till the end of that other war."

As Peter rose and focused carefully on the painting, a thought entered his mind. "May I be permitted to retire now, sir?" he asked. "I must be fresh if I am to meet Fräulein Doktor in the morning."

"You will not meet her so soon," Schmidt almost snapped. "You must pass certain tests first."

OH," Peter showed disappointment. "Please forgive me for being too eager." Then he looked again at the portrait. "I have heard," he murmured softly but distinctly, "that the present Fräulein Doktor is much more beautiful."

"Humph!" said Schmidt and rang for the man who had brought the beer. "Hans will show you to your room. Good night."

When he had gone, a low voice chuckled from behind the portrait. "So, that is Frederika's prize!"

Schmidt got up and looked toward

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the portrait. "For a moment I thought something had gone wrong with it and that he saw you." He stepped back and looked again. "But no, it is all right."

The painting was like a screened window between the two rooms, a one-way window that could be seen through from only the other side.

Again came the voice, this time hard and biting. "You are growing soft! He didn't see me. He felt my eyes but he did not know where they were. There is a kind of man that senses a kind of woman—when she wants him to—even though she is invisible. Are you too old to remember that, Schmidt?"

He sighed apologetically.

"I am tired with a long drive," he said.

The chuckle came again. "No, you do not remember. Go to bed, Schmidt," she added more kindly, "and see that Sturm is examined tomorrow."

Hans, who called Peter at seven, brought him breakfast and an order to stay in his room until Herr Schmidt sent for him. Later he was taken downstairs and then through the long corridors lined with the doors with letters above them. He was led into a room with the letter G above it. Then, his registration finished, the tests began—tests for memory, for presence of mind, for capacity, and for nerve reactions. He saw no one but Schmidt and the men who examined him.

Luncheon was brought in to him and he worked on through the afternoon, trying not to show he was as proficient in some of these things as they were. He must know very little more than Frederika might have taught Sturm. At last he was given his designation in the House. He ceased to be Paul Sturm, much less Peter Stanleigh. He became Nazi student-agent G27—subject to further consideration.

IN the late afternoon he started down the general corridor to go up to his room. As he turned a corner, he saw a small hallway branching off to one side, apparently to a private part of the house. Voices came from behind a door that was slightly open, as though some one were on the point of leaving.

"It is not wise that he see you so soon." That was Schmidt's voice. It had a stubborn note.

"Do as I say. Tell him to come." The woman's voice allowed no argument—a vibrant voice, very sure and with a hint of the incalculable in it. "He may have knowledge that will be useful to us now, before he himself is ready. There are things I must ask this protégé of Frederika!" So this voice belonged to Fräulein Doktor! Definitely not a voice to be trifled with, thought Peter, but interesting—as though it covered strange and strong emotions held down with power.

Softly he hurried on to his room. He must be there when Schmidt sent

for him. He saw occasional figures in the hallways, always solitary, never speaking to each other. He had been told the students were not allowed to mingle or speak together except on stated occasions or after an extended period of residence. Even in the dining room each had a separate table.

There was one girl he had seen twice. She had looked at him directly, as the others had not. She had dark hair and very large brown eyes.

He mulled over the day's proceedings as he gave himself a quick shave.

He must look his best for the invincible Fräulein when she sent for him.

Schmidt came to Peter's door a few moments later. "Come," he said, and as they went down the hallway, "You will now meet Fräulein Doktor."

He led the way to the door from which Peter had earlier heard his voice. They entered a small anteroom and stopped before double doors at the end of it. There was a slight click. The doors slid back. They stepped into a large room and walked toward a low fine desk.

"Fräulein Doktor." Schmidt bowed and retreated toward the hall. The doors slid shut behind him.

Level gray-blue eyes appraised him in silence. This woman, as she stood behind the desk, was of no more than medium height physically, and she was distinctly feminine, a woman who had been not beautiful but amazingly good-looking in her youth and now retained those good looks a trifle past the blush but with an interesting distinction added to them. And with, Peter thought to himself, a magnetism that came from strong physical vitality held in leash by a stronger will. Feminine, yes, but the gray-blue eyes were not soft. They held a slight insulting amusement and behind it an intelligence as clear and as hard as a diamond. No, she was not the beautiful spy. Neither was she the bespectacled brain. She was a more subtle adversary than anything so one-track as either of those.

"Frederika has taught you to observe carefully," she said, a note of irony in her voice. "*Heil* Hitler!"

"I am sorry," said Peter, aware he had stared. "It is not Mme. Frederika's teaching. It is Fräulein Doktor herself."

"*Heil* Hitler," repeated Fräulein peremptorily, and Peter raised his arm. "You will learn our ways. They do not include pretty speeches to one's superiors."

"I have understood the discipline is hard," said Peter.

SHE gave him a swift look as she sat at the desk and began to ask questions. They were easy at first. He realized how delicately she worked into those that might trip him. They became rapierlike little queries. He answered in the same manner but always with a certain deference. He wondered how much she really knew about Paul Sturm.

"Herr Schmidt did not carry your tests far enough this morning," she observed. "Mme. Frederika had told us you were willing and loyal but she failed to report your mental agility."

Peter looked Fräulein straight in her analytical eyes. "Perhaps," he answered her ambiguous remark, "Mme. Frederika thought you would be the better judge."

He saw a quick little light of agreement skip through behind the gray-blue, but she rebuked him sharply, "That is an impertinence to your sponsor."

"Truth to an intelligent woman is never an impertinence," said Peter in almost the same severe tone as hers.

"That is enough! Your Canadian upbringing has not taught you manners. We will remedy that." She glanced at a small clock on the desk. "Tomorrow," she added, "I shall ask you more about America. There is no time for it now. Bring me facts, not

QUESTIONS

On this quiz, score yourself as follows:

0-5 right .....Class E
6-10 right .....Class C
11-15 right .....Class—he!
16-20 right .....Classy!

1—Can you name the American hero famous for his statement: "I've just begun to fight"?

2—Is the goldfish naturally gold?

3—The Republican National Committee recently got a doctor's bill for $13,000. Do you know what for?

4—What is the Hippocratic oath and who takes it?

5—What land in the Western Hemisphere was formerly called Acadia?

6—What are kid-glove oranges?

7—What woman born on the island of Martinique became an empress in Europe?

8—It's the last half of the ninth inning and the Giants are up. What is the maximum number of Giants who can get on base and still have the inning end with no score?

9—Why did the olive branch become the symbol of peace?

10—Is the sun nearer the earth in summer or in winter?

11—Uncle Sam's new "PT" boats are the talk of the navy. What does that "PT" stand for?

12—Who is likely to have the better memory—one who learns quickly or one who learns slowly?

13—Can thunder ever cause injury to human beings?

14—Approximately how many men are needed to keep a plane in condition?

15—Do Great Danes come from Denmark?

16—What curious kind of hunt have U. S. bird dealers been following recently?

17—Who are the "cops of the air waves," and what is their chief job?

18—Give the baptismal names of these Presidents: Cleveland, Wilson, Coolidge.

19—Do men in the United States outnumber women?

20—Of what famous beauty was Shakespeare writing in the following: "Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale her infinite variety"?

(*Answers will be found on page 58*)

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opinions. Try to think clearly of what you know—and *impersonally.*" She stressed the last word. But Peter noted that she looked at him with interest as he left.

On his way down the corridor Stanleigh saw Schmidt talking with a man in uniform. When he passed them, he saw the man's face. General von Brauchmann! He had studied every detail of that face in the photograph files at home. The square Prussian head, flat at the back, the heavy blunt-featured face, the ears tight to the head—all were familiar, though he had never before seen the man. The two men turned toward the door of the apartment he had just left. So that was why Fräulein had looked at her clock.

On the way to his quarters Stanleigh again saw the slim girl with the large brown eyes. Was she always coming and going? The thought slipped out of his mind quickly. He was concerned chiefly with the idea that somehow soon he must get out of the house long enough to contact the Belgian, Anton D'Hasque.

D'Hasque ran what seemed to be an employment office as a blind for his recruiting agency and as headquarters for the group who, under his direction, helped the patriotic Belgian men and boys to pass through the underground railway out of the country and into the British army. If it was amazing how many had got through, it was also amazing how many secret recruiting agents had got caught before D'Hasque had taken on the job. No man had lasted more than a few weeks. It was only a question of time before the Gestapo would nab him, too. Meanwhile he had organized the sending of information by wireless to Colonel Helton and his colleagues and he awaited the coming of one Captain Stanleigh.

Peter knew the importance of making immediate contact, for, in addition to sending word of his arrival, he must know whom to trust next if D'Hasque were caught.

The first day he had not been able to get out at all. The second, he had too short a time to go to the address Helly-John had given him, but he got a look at the neighborhood in which Fräulein Doktor held forth. A very good one it was, too! When he saw that the house was on the Rue de l'Harmonie, he whistled softly. A fine place for a house in which so much evil scheming went into action. The House on Harmony Street. My sainted aunt! And the old Fräulein had worked from here too! The house occupied the whole end of a narrow block, so that one side was on Van Schoonbecke Street. It had two doors, he noticed. A block or two over was the Chaussée de Malines that led up into the wide Boulevard de Belgique. Yes, a very, very nice part of town. He wondered what the neighbors thought. Poor mortals. And how they must hate those newly added street signs in German!

"I must have another suit," said Stanleigh to Schmidt when he reported, the third morning. "I brought only a small suitcase, you know. I must find a tailor—not too expensive. And there are other things I must buy if I am to be permitted to stay here."

"I don't like the color."

"Better go today and get it over with. Then you can work without interruption," Schmidt muttered, but not unpleasantly. "Have you money?"

"French money but not Belgian. Will they take it?"

A SARDONIC smile tugged at Schmidt's features. "They'll take it, but why give it to them? Here"—he reached into a drawer and brought out two bundles of notes made on the cheapest of paper—"take this. We printed it to pay for things here and in France. No use giving these swine real money." He gave Peter a sheaf of the notes.

"How much do I owe you for them?" Peter examined them with interest.

Schmidt waved his hand. "Do you pay for the scratch-pads you use in the classroom?" he asked. "No. So then—these are worth no more than the scratch-pads."

Nothing had been said about whether the suit was to be made or bought. That was good, reflected Peter. He'd have it tailored and get a sure chance of getting out for at least two fittings.

He found a tailor in the Rue de l'Orgue. The fellow had been recommended to him two years ago but he'd never used him. He seemed all right.

Coming out of the shop, Stanleigh decided to walk through the center of town and see what had happened. He crossed over and then went straight on up through the Place de Meir and on to the Avenue de Keyser. Not much physical damage to this part of town, as far as he could see. But the easygoing cheerfulness he had always associated with Antwerp had disappeared. The people he saw in the streets went about their business with a blank noncommittal expression on their faces. When he passed the Zoological Gardens, it seemed to him that even the sculptured animals that paraded around its top had changed. They stepped with dignity but they had lost their whimsical gaiety.

He went over to the Rue de la Commune and from there took the No. 11 tram until he reached the Longue Rue de Ruysbroeck, where he got off and began to look for the employment agency of Anton D'Hasque. He found its sign nailed to a narrow building.

Stanleigh looked along the street to make sure no one was taking an interest in him and then went in. Three boys and an older man sat on benches. A sharp-eyed young man took his carefully worded statement of an appointment and disappeared into a room at the back. He returned and told Stanleigh to follow him. Down the hall he indicated a door, and left Stanleigh to go in alone.

Peter entered. He exchanged a few words with a casual-voiced man who then smiled and held out his hand. "I'm glad to see you, Captain Stanleigh," he said. "I'm D'Hasque." He was a big man, about fifty years old. His blond hair had turned white, but his eyes were still a vivid blue and his body was spare and strong.

"Couldn't get here sooner," said Stanleigh. "Thought it best to establish myself in their good graces first."

"Have you done it?"

"Either that or they're giving me enough rope to hang myself."

"Ah, well," said the Belgian easily, "we shall know soon."

"You're cheerful about it. In fact, you've the only cheerful expression I've seen in Antwerp today."

"That's because I'm doing work I want to do—at least, for a while. But I show no cheerful face on the street. It leads to suspicion if a man looks

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 57

1—John Paul Jones.

2—No. It is naturally a greenish brown color, but breeding produced the gold varieties.

3—For the care of Willkie's throat during the Presidential campaign.

4—It is taken by medical graduates, swearing loyalty to their profession. Said to come from Hippocrates, the "father of medicine."

5—Nova Scotia.

6—Tangerines, because of the ease with which the skin is removed.

7—Josephine, the wife of Napoleon.

8—Five is the maximum.

9—Because of the healing qualities of olive oil.

10—In winter. But summer is hotter because the sun's rays strike the earth directly. In winter, they strike at an angle.

11—It stands for "patrol torpedo" boat.

12—According to latest scientific findings, the fast learner has the better memory as a rule.

13—Yes. The shock of the sound of a sudden clap of thunder can do serious harm to a person with a weak heart.

14—Twelve.

15—The Great Dane is said to have come from Denmark originally. Now they are largely bred in England.

16—The war has caused a shortage in canaries, which in the past were mainly imported from Europe. Bird dealers are now hunting for a substitute for them.

17—The "monitors" of the Federal Communications Commission who listen for stations broadcasting without licenses on the short waves. Such stations are tracked down and closed.

18—Stephen Grover, Thomas Woodrow, John Calvin.

19—Yes, by a small percentage.

20—Cleopatra.

happy. Here's a message that came for you. Part of it is technical, so I wrote it down." He opened what appeared to be a flat cuff button and took out a folded paper. As he closed the button he said, "These cuff links are old-fashioned but still useful. My father wore them in the last war."

Peter looked at the message. "I'll try to find that out," he said, and added, "Tell Colonel Helton that General von Brauchmann is in town."

"They have been doing things at the Steen," remarked D'Hasque. "It has underground rooms that are the safest bombproof spots in Antwerp. Nice thought—using the old headquarters of the Spanish Inquisition for Nazi headquarters now."

They talked briefly.

Then D'Hasque said, "When you can't get here, there may be notes between us. I know the old formulae for invisible ink and reagents, but—"

Peter Stanleigh took an ordinary electric torch out of his pocket. "There's the best reagent," he said; "no chemicals that spill or run out when you need more. I'll give you a formula for a good fluorescent ink, but I'll read what you write with this." He took a small glass out of his pocket. "Put this filter over an intense light and it will do for a small space—enough for your messages."

"How did you bring it in without their finding it?"

"In my coat collar," laughed Peter. "Schmidt searched me well, though. Careful man, Schmidt. Get some hard

"Expecting a call, dear?"

rubber, and the next time I come I'll show you how to make a substitute for this glass filter. Meanwhile here's the formula for the ink." He wrote it and rose to go. "I'll try to get in again on Thursday. The suit is being fitted at four."

"Good," said D'Hasque. "On Thursday I'll take you around to Pierre Dupon's and show you our wireless. If anything happens to me, you can give your news to him and be safe. He is a hairdresser on the Rue Philom, off the Place de l'Aurore."

Peter closed the door of the employment agency behind him. Not more than fifty feet from it, he passed a girl wearing a hat that covered the side of her face next to him. After she'd gone by, he realized there was something familiar about her. He did not look back immediately but waited until he came to the corner and looked sideways as he turned it. She had passed the agency. He paused behind the wall of the building and, a moment later, looked back again. She was not in sight. He had the feeling that she might have retraced her steps and entered D'Hasque's door

Should he go back and warn Anton? If the Belgian were in danger, it was not his job to be caught with him. It was his job to keep out of sight and stay useful. The girl had given no sign of recognizing him. But he believed it was Brown Eyes.

Stanleigh realized it was getting late. He must hurry back. The crooked streets were puzzling in the unlighted dusk. They all looked alike. For half an hour he was lost. At last he found his way to the House on Harmony Street. At the door, about to enter, was the girl. For a moment they stared at each other. Then Peter politely bowed her through the doorway.

Is Peter in danger? Is the brown-eyed girl spying on him for Fräulein Doktor? How long can he stay in the house of the enemy, what can he learn, before the inevitable unmasking comes? Excitement, hazards, and surprises crowd next week's chapter!

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To the Ladies

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 3 SECONDS

FROM wine what sudden friendship springs!" wrote John Gay some two hundred years ago. After a tour through the California wine country I understand exactly what John meant by that. Visiting the winegrowers at their vineyards I had the friendliest, pleasantest time I've ever had on an industrial sight-seeing trip. The land was lovely and the folks were fun. . . . Long drive up the glorious Napa Valley, flowers and grapevines everywhere, creamy-rose-colored houses shaded by handsome acacia trees. Beringer's famous wine vaults carved out of a limestone hillside, walls covered black with dust-absorbent moss. Cloverdale, in the peaceful Sonoma Valley, where a kind innkeeper persuades my eight fellow tourists (all men) that I (the only female in the party) may not be such a pest as they feared. Oh, and I mustn't forget our send-off luncheon at San Francisco, where Quentin Reynolds introduces himself as a constant reader of To the Ladies, causing me to admit that I am a steady fan for his war experiences. . . . Fascinated by the Roma winery's bottle-capping and labeling machines at Fresno, I think what a swell setting for one of Fred Astaire's eccentric dance routines. Members of the Lodi Women's Club serve us charmingly as waitresses. Cousin of an old friend of mine, a Russian wine chemist at the Beaulieu vineyard, quotes Pasteur: "Wine can rightfully be called the most healthful and hygienic of liquors." . . . A fine dry sherry at Santa Rosa, a restful night at Merced, beautiful gateway to the Yosemite, then on to San Diego, Ontario, and Los Angeles—about which more next week.

☆ We've all shared the experience of going shopping for a certain thing and ending up with something very different. Mrs. Glen MacBoyle of San Francisco went out to buy a hat. A milliner told her about a vineyard for sale at Fountain Grove. With her cousin, Mrs. Marie Haufe, Mrs. MacBoyle hurried to look the place over. Seventy years ago an English preacher and a Japanese mystic had tried to start a new religion there. The house was packed with art treasures donated by rich converts—fine Oriental carpets, rare paintings (some by Daubigny), Sèvres and Wedgwood china. I saw the house myself. It's a lulu. From the parquet floor of the palatial dining room a secret trap door leads down into an enormous vaulted wine cellar. Mrs. MacBoyle closed the deal on the spot. Mrs. Haufe now manages the vineyard. I don't know whether or not Mrs. MacB. ever did get that hat she was after!

"Two, please: one behind a post. I don't like Richard Throckmorton!"

☆ Devoted wine lovers won't let cocktails numb their taste glands. They whet *their* appetites with a glass of the same wine they will drink at table, accompanied by a hard-boiled egg or a little fresh cream cheese—best aids to judicious wine tasting. . . . Don't hesitate to water your wine at your own home table if you prefer it diluted. That's no sin against epicurism. Some very knowledgeable wine drinkers do it. Of course wine should never be watered before serving, and it *is* a sin to dilute any *grand* wine of distinguished excellence.

☆ In the town of Livermore, California, I met a lady whose kitchen art dates back to the fabulous court feasts of Queen Elizabeth and Lorenzo the Magnificent, when *peacock* was the banquet favorite that turkey is today. Mrs. Herman Wente of Livermore raises peafowl for fancy eaters. Only the hens are considered a delicacy now, so the males strut their brilliant plumage undisturbed. Too tough. Mrs. Wente makes a specialty of roasting peahens for guests. I have never met any one else who knows how to cook 'em.

☆ What are bulbils? Is rhubarb a fruit? Why is aconite called wolfsbane? . . . Three questions at random from Gladys M. Goshorn's entertaining and practical new quiz book, Do You Know Your Garden? (published by the Oxford University Press). . . . Aconite is called wolfsbane because in the past it was used to doctor crackpots who imagined they were wolves!

☆ Young duck and spring peas are in season. A pair of ducks cooked with wine and served with a bottle of wine make a company dinner fit for the most fastidious. . . . Have 2 young ducks dressed to roast. For the stuffing chop 4 hearts celery, 3 sprigs parsley, 1 onion, 1 dozen large olives; a mere sliver of garlic. Simmer in butter with 1 cup fresh bread crumbs, then fry a few minutes, adding salt, newly ground black pepper, and 1 tablespoon dry red wine. Stuff ducks with this. Butter the breasts. Place in roasting pan and pour on 1 cup red wine, ¼ cup water. Roast 30 minutes in quick oven, basting frequently. Lower heat and cook 10 or 15 minutes longer. Put a little more wine in the gravy but do not thicken. Serve with green peas, crusty French bread, and a bottle of Burgundy-type wine.

One alone survived. But this proved to be the "mother tank" which, displayed in Hatfield Park in January, 1916, became the exact model of the tanks which fought in 1916, and was the parent and in principle the prototype of all the last war's heavy tanks.

The scheme of attack by caterpillar vehicles was not put into operation until the first Battle of Cambrai in November, 1917.

It took the High Command nearly two whole years to learn to use tanks in the manner and conditions for which they were originally conceived. During the interval every conceivable mistake was committed which lack of comprehension could suggest.

The first twenty tanks, in spite of my protests and the far more potent objections of Mr. Asquith and Mr. Lloyd George, were improvidently exposed to the enemy at the Somme.

Mr. Lloyd George thought this employment of the new weapon in such small numbers premature. I was so shocked at the proposal to expose this tremendous secret to the enemy upon such a petty scale, and as a mere makeweight to what I was sure could only be an indecisive operation, that I saw Mr. Asquith, of whom I was then a very definite opponent.

The Prime Minister listened so patiently to my appeal that I thought I had succeeded in convincing him. But, if this were so, he did not make his will effective.

On September 15, 1916, the first tanks, or "large armored cars," as they were called in the communiqué, went into action on the front of the Fourth Army, attacking between the Combles ravine and Martinpuich.

The immense advantage of novelty and surprise was thus squandered while the number of the tanks was small, while their condition was experimental and their crews almost untrained.

To achieve this miniature success and to carry the education of the professional mind one stage further forward, a secret of war which, well used, would have procured a world-shaking victory in 1917, had been recklessly revealed to the enemy.

Providentially, however, the scales of convention darkened also the vision of the German General Staff and clouded even the keen eye of Ludendorff. The Passchendaele offensive had ended in mire and carnage, when suddenly, there emerged from the British sector opposite Cambrai a battle totally different in character from any yet fought in the war. For the first time the mechanical method of securing surprise was effectively used.

"A project which had been constantly in the mind of the General Staff of the Tank Corps for nearly three months, and in anticipation of which preparations had already been undertaken, was approved, and its date fixed for November 20 [1917]."

"The attack," says the historian of the Tank Corps (Colonel Fuller), "was a stupendous success. As the tanks moved forward, with the infantry following close behind, the enemy completely lost his balance, and those who did not fly panic-stricken from the field surrendered with little or no resistance.

"By 4 P. M. on November 20 one of the most astonishing battles in all history had been won."

In the brief life of a November day the whole German trench system had been penetrated on a front of six miles, and 10,000 prisoners and 200 guns captured, without the loss of more than 1,500 British soldiers.

"It is a question," declares the Staff Officer, "whether any stroke of the Allied Army on the Western Front was more fruitful ultimately of ground and result than this battle of Cambrai, despite its limited design."

But if this was so, why not have done it before? Why not have done it on a far larger scale? If British and French war leaders had possessed the vision and comprehension which are expected from the honored chiefs of great armies, there was no reason why a battle like Cambrai could not have been fought a year before, or, better still, why three or four concerted battles like Cambrai could not have been fought simultaneously in the spring of 1917.

Accusing—as I do, without exception—all the great offensives of the Allies of 1915, 1916, and 1917 as needless and wrongly conceived operations of infinite cost, I am bound to reply to the question, "What else could have been done?" And I answer it, pointing to the Battle of Cambrai, "This could have been done."

This in many variants, this in larger and better forms, ought to have been done, and would have been done if only the generals had not been content to fight machine-gun bullets with the breasts of gallant men, and think that that was waging war.

THE END

☆ LIBERTY'S BOOK TIP ☆

by Donald Gordon

(For eleven years Donald Gordon's opinions and ratings of new books have been used by some 25,000 libraries and bookstores. His Book Tip will be a weekly feature for readers of Liberty.)

THE ASTORS, by Harvey O'Connor.

A lively, detailed story of that vast pile of rent money, the family possessed by it, and the horde of kin whose names have been news for a century. Portraits range from the aristocratically inconspicuous through comic eccentricity to the egomania of William Waldorf who ducked our democracy to found the English branch of appeasers. Incidentally, it's good reading as a picture of the growth of New York.

Spread Parkay Margarine on quickly—the moment breakfast toast pops up warm and brown. The delicate, appetizing flavor of this new margarine made by Kraft is something to cheer about!

And Parkay is just as delicious as a seasoning for hot vegetables ...as a flavor shortening... for pan-frying. Remember, also, this new Kraft product is rich in nourishment—an excellent energy food—a dependable year 'round source of Vitamin A (8,000 U.S.P. XI units per pound).

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF MIRACLE WHIP SALAD DRESSING

Strange Words From George Bernard Shaw

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FULTON OURSLER

FROM TIME to time we have published in Liberty striking latter-day utterances by Mr. George Bernard Shaw. There is no need to remind readers of Mr. Shaw's relish for shocking the public. He loves to make faces at respectability and convention, meanwhile living himself a most respectable and conventional, in fact prudish, life. Mr. Shaw delights in what is called paradox. He makes a business of saying the unexpected. Sometimes it is hard to tell when he is just trying to be cute and when he is speaking in deadly earnest.

There is no doubt, however, that he is speaking with impressive seriousness next week, in an article he has written for Liberty called Is America in the War?

He says we are. Moreover, Mr. Shaw maintains that the food blockade will have to be broken "by whatever combination of Powers may be left in command of the situation." What does he mean by that? "As far as we can see at present, that command will be with the United States of America and the U. S. S. R. The war will force them to shake hands."

HERE IS A DISMAL PROPHECY indeed. Of course every one knows Mr. Shaw's curious obsession is Sovietism. It is of a piece with his antivaccination nonsense. But Mr. Shaw's preoccupation with Socialism is an intellectual pastime; his forecast of Uncle Sam clasping hands with the bloodstained paws of Bolshevism is another thing altogether—an odious suggestion.

We recommend that you read Mr. Shaw's views because they are startling and in some circles will be regarded as important. Having just put down the manuscript, I am forced to say, however, that I see no difference between Uncle Sam embracing Hitler or Stalin. Both are as evil as man can be evil. Both are murderers. Both stand for force against reason and mercy. Both are antichrist.

If Mr. George Bernard Shaw's horrible prophecy were ever to come true, this page that you now hold in your hands might be evidence enough to put me against a brick wall in front of a firing squad.

Under such circumstances, let it be written here that it would be a welcome way out. Speaking as one American, I would prefer it to joining common cause with the murderous crew of Communists that have made Russia a stench in the nostrils of history. Mr. Shaw's article will be published in this magazine as a startling example of contemporary thought, something for Americans to think about.

NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE will not be concentrated, however, on such serious matters. There will be an abundance of really joyous entertainment. You will certainly enjoy Dwarf Oak, a novelette by Eleanor DeLamater; and Nice Work—And She Got It, by Clara Wallace Overton. Sweet Words at Parting, by Frederick Lewis, offers some amusing side lights on Hollywood's stars and their divorces. A Baseball Quiz, by Ronald Oliphant, is a most unusual sports feature. There will also be a debate on the labor question by Westbrook Pegler and Matthew Woll; other articles, full installments of the serials, and all the usual features. Sounds pretty good, don't you think?

SALMAGUNDI: There is one thing that I envy the ladies for. It's their privilege of carrying purses. My pockets are loaded down with cigarette case, notebook, pocketbook, keys, pencils, pen—why is it that, merely because I am a man, I cannot carry a little bag with all these things comfortably accessible? I suppose that would make me a sissy. Yet it must be very convenient to carry a purse. I think maybe I will carry one anyway. . . . Armando De Mario Y Campos, head of the drama section of the Department of Fine Arts, University of Mexico, sends me a letter in which he "salutes with all affection" his good friend, the "señor director of Liberty, and takes the liberty of offering him a copy of his little work recently published, entitled Death and Resurrection of the Theatre in Czechoslovakia, begging him to see in it only a patient summary of facts that are published for the first time in Spanish and that, collected, aim to be a protest against the Nazi invasion that Czechoslovakia has suffered, the author holding the firm conviction that the Nazification of a country means inevitably the assassination of its culture." The book is a really fine exposition of an important theme. As for me, alas, my Spanish is limited to "*Café caliente con leche*" and "*Si, señorita.*" . . . Letters by scores came in after the interview with the Duke of Windsor. Most of them were kindly; a few were severely but fairly critical, but there was also a junk pile of abusive, scolding, and guttersnipe missives—of course all anonymous. . . . One thing I have learned in thirty years of journalism: Every crank letter writer starts his letters with the same sentence: "The writer of this letter is not a crank." . . . An English newspaper has discovered a remarkable hidden prophecy in the names of three wartime visitors from the United States. Quoting:

In March last year along came Mr. Sumner

WE lles.

Then, not long ago, we were glad to give a welcome to Mr. Wendell L.

WILL kie.

And now the new Ambassador from the United States has just arrived—Mr. John Gilbert

WIN ant.

☆

THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.

FULTON OURSLER.

Liberty

The American Way of Life

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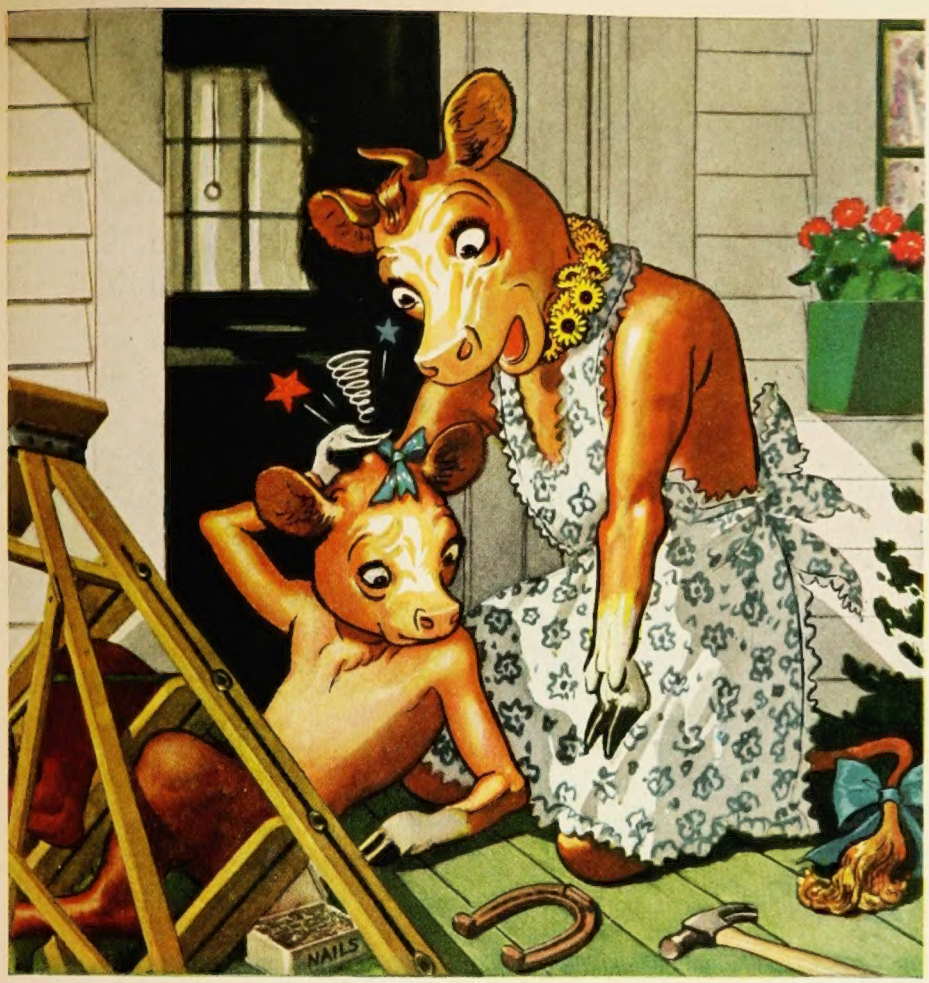
The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any person, living or dead, it is purely a coincidence.

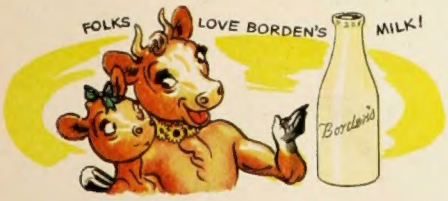
COVER BY ARDIS HUGHES



"Haven't I told you never to trust a horse?" snapped Elsie

"BUT HE TOLD ME that hanging up his shoe would make me *lucky*, mama," wailed Beulah, rubbing the rising bump on her little head.

"Darling," comforted Elsie, the Borden Cow, "no baby of *mine* needs any old horseshoes. How could you be luckier than to have Borden experts watching over your health from the minute you were born? How could you be luckier than to know that when you grow up a brilliant career is waiting for you—producing wonderfully pure, wholesome *Borden's Milk?*"



"I could be luckier than to get bumps on my head *before* I grow up," sniffed Beulah, nevertheless listening.

"Your head is likely to swell in quite a different way," chuckled Elsie, "when you realize how many grand foods will depend on the milk you produce.

"*Borden's Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk*, for instance," Elsie pointed out, "helps to make some of the best-loved cake frostings and cookies and candies in the land—because Borden is always taking such tip-top care of lucky cows like us."

It pleased Beulah to be referred to as a cow at so tender an age. "I think I may like that, mama," she said. "It's so tiresome being just a baby."

"Oh, some babies I know do very well," smiled Elsie. "Particularly those heaps of thriving babies whose doctors approve *Borden's Irradiated Evaporated Milk* for their feeding. It's so digestible and rich in Vitamin D, you know. And that's not all—it helps the rest of the family to enjoy the

loveliest cream soups and mashed potatoes, too."

"Goodness," Beulah asked eagerly, "and will everybody know that *I'm* helping to bring them all those nice things?"

"Yes, and they'll know that about lots of *other* nice things, besides," Elsie assured the little calf. "Why, take cheese alone. There's a score of *Borden's Fine Cheeses* folks are going to be grateful to you for. One great favorite is *Borden's Liederkranz*

—the creamy, golden-crusted dessert cheese that's as truly American-born as corn on the cob."

"Gee, I must have lots to learn, if I've got to make so many wonderful foods," said Beulah, a bit worried.

"All you'll have to do," Elsie assured her, "is keep turning out the finest milk and cream there is—and Borden will see that

they get made into treats like smooth, luscious *Borden's Ice Cream.*"

"Ice cream!" exclaimed the excited youngster. "What fun to be in on the making of a *special* treat like ice cream!"

"Yes," agreed Elsie, "but good things like that aren't only *treats*. For instance, although *Borden's Malted Milk* is just dandy *fun to drink*, it's also so wholesome that it's a regular, helpful part of the lives of the sturdy little Dionne Quintuplets. Its

goodness is due to the Borden skill and care that make *all* our family's products so fine. And that's what's teaching so many folks a little phrase which means mighty good luck in every home that knows it."

"Am I old enough yet to know it, too, mama?" begged little Beulah.

"Of course you are, my dear," beamed Elsie. "Just listen: *if it's Borden's, it's GOT to be good!*"

* * *

To bring you the best of dairy products, more than 100,000 dairy farms provide milk for Borden . . . and to guard the goodness of all Borden foods and deliver them to your home, more than 27,500 employees work in partnership with 47,000 Borden owner-stockholders.

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"YOU SAVVY QUICK, SOLDIER!"

DAD ought to know. Look at the wall behind him. Photo of Dad, straight and proud in old-style choker-collar blouse, Sam Browne belt, and second "looie's" gold bars. And his decorations—the Order of the Purple Heart, Victory Medal, Croix de Guerre *with* palm.

"You savvy quick, soldier," he says to his son as that chip off the old block in the new uniform proffers Camels. "These were practically 'regulation' cigarettes with the army men I knew. Lots of other things seem to have changed, but *not* a soldier's 'smokin's.' "

Right! Today, and for more than 20 years, reports from Army Post Exchanges show that Camels are the favorite. And in Navy canteens, too, Camel is the leader.

• • •

Just seems that Camels click with more people than any other cigarette—whether they're wearing O.D., blues, or civvies. You'll savvy, too—and quick—with your first puff of a slower-burning Camel with its extra mildness, extra coolness, and extra flavor, why it's the "front-line" cigarette—past, present, and future!

THE SMOKE OF SLOWER-BURNING CAMELS GIVES YOU EXTRA MILDNESS, EXTRA COOLNESS, EXTRA FLAVOR AND

28% LESS NICOTINE

than the average of the 4 other largest-selling cigarettes tested—less than any of them—according to independent scientific tests *of the smoke itself*

● What cigarette are you smoking now? The odds are that it's one of those included in the famous "nicotine-in-the-smoke" laboratory test. Camels, and four other largest-selling brands, were analyzed and compared . . . over and over again . . . for nicotine content *in the smoke itself!* And when all is said and done, the thing that interests you in a cigarette is *the smoke.*

YES, SIR, THE SMOKE'S THE THING! SMOKE CAMELS!

CAMEL THE CIGARETTE OF COSTLIER TOBACCOS

BUY CAMELS BY THE CARTON —FOR CONVENIENCE, FOR ECONOMY

BY BURNING 25% SLOWER than the average of the 4 other largest-selling brands tested—slower than any of them—Camels also give you a smoking *plus* equal, on the average, to

5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK!

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company
Winston-Salem, North Carolina